

Letters from
Italy, Switzerland
and Germany

VIRGINIA CARROLL PEMBERTON



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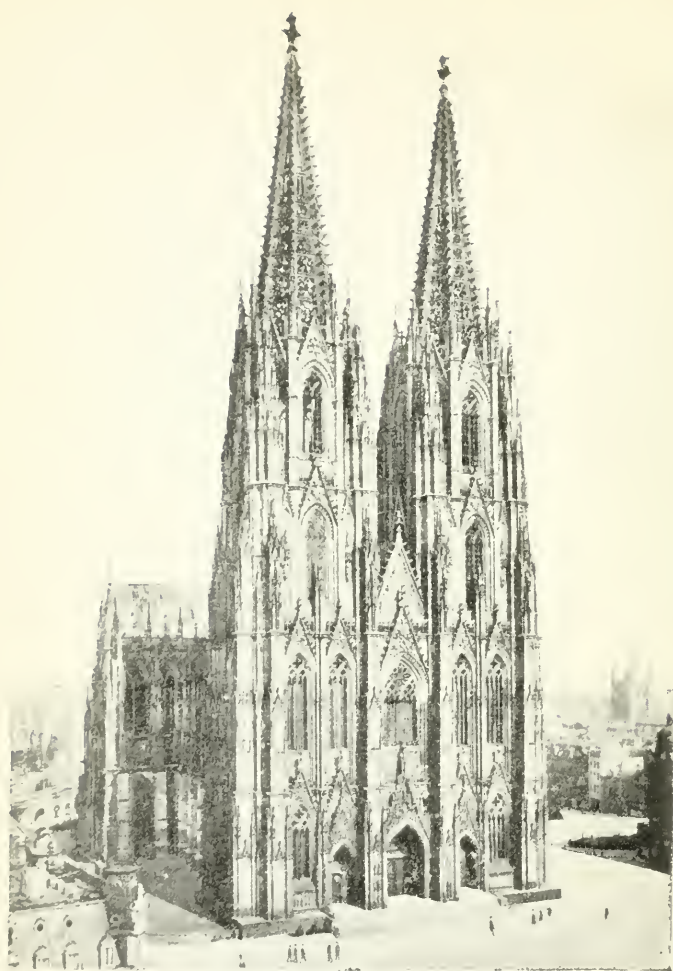
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Letters From Italy,
Switzerland and Germany

By
VIRGINIA CARROLL PEMBERTON



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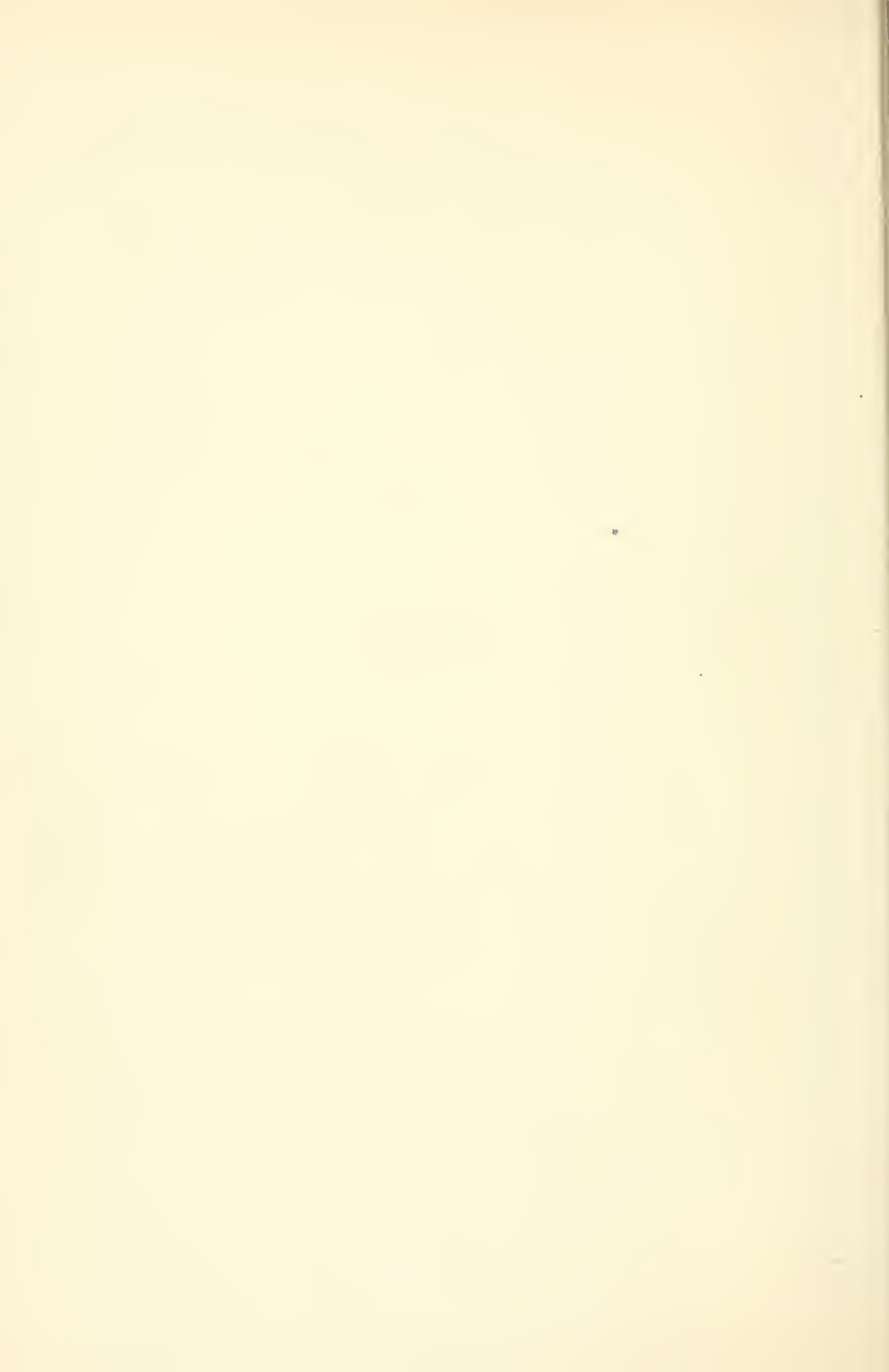
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TO

My Husband

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

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FOREWORD

OUR little friend Barron, six years of age, delights to hear about my beautiful trip to Europe, but he invariably closes our *tête-a-tête* saying, emphatically and defiantly, "But there's nothing in Europe as good as America."

I commend his patriotism, yet am pleased that more than once he has asked his mother to carry him to Europe "to see St. Peter's, the Sea of Ice, and that big St. Bernard dog."

It is with the hope of giving pleasure to many young friends, also those of larger growth, that this little volume is published.

I would that it might even strengthen the desire of some people unto determination to see the invaluable art-treasures and to enjoy the charming scenery of Europe, enhanced by association with the heroic deeds and beautiful romances of many centuries.

My two communications from Europe, published in the *Western Methodist*, are, through the courtesy of the editors, incorporated with the letters and notes from my diary written as we traveled in Italy, Swit-

zerland, and Germany. Our pleasing experiences in Holland, Belgium, France, and England may be recounted later.

With small claim to literary merit, I thank the friends who have encouraged the publication of these sketchy epistles, and for whose kindly appreciation I am deeply grateful.

V. C. P.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE VOYAGE, - - - - -	11
ITALY, - - - - -	41
SWITZERLAND, - - - - -	130
GERMANY, - - - - -	174

Letters from Italy, Switzerland
and Germany



THE VOYAGE

FIFTEEN DAYS AT SEA, DURING WHICH WE ARE
ENLIVENED BY MODERATE GALES AND THE AR-
RIVAL OF A NEW PASSENGER.

S. S. Slavonia, June 19, 1908.

THIS is our second day of seeming to be between the heavens and the deep blue sea, and there's no turning back home except in mind and spirit. I can hardly believe I am actually going to London, and by way of Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, and France.

Our June Mediterranean tour is well planned, and our itinerary will lead us through scores of interesting places in Southern Europe.

I intended to review a little history for this eventful trip, but was too busy with a bit of embroidery for Elizabeth's wedding trousseau; besides, foreign lands become more remote and strange peoples of lesser interest when a family-wedding approaches; kings and queens were of small moment to me, and poets and philosophers were held in abeyance. My chief thought was of "love that makes the world go round," and the humdrum needle seemed to sing bridal choruses and sweetest lullabies as loving wishes were stitched into linen.

It was indeed difficult to make preparation for an unsentimental journey, and at times the thought of going so far without any member of my family blotted out every pleasing prospect but one.

During those weeks I often asked myself why I had agreed to go to Europe in this lonesome way, and the anticipated visit to our dear L—— in London was the one excuse for such a rash act.

There was a time when I wished to go to Europe to find a companion for Ann Fisher, that quaint old wooden doll brought to Virginia in the long ago, and for which Mother took her first tottering footsteps. But the days of dolls have long since passed away. Also I've long known it is not necessary to go to Europe for fine scenery, as we have Niagara Falls to the east and the Rocky Mountains to the west of us. Quite recently the Hon. James Bryce, England's ambassador to the United States, said that in our Southwest we have the agricultural resources of France, the rural beauties of England, and the tinted skies of Italy.

Still there are the footprints and highways of a grand old civilization in Europe which I have long desired to see; and the art-treasures of past centuries held out resistless allurements. So when the short time of preparation for the tour was nearly ended, and but little improved, I borrowed my husband's steamer-trunk and black suit-case, and bravely packed my American-made clothing. I had misgivings about the new Knox hat with elongated brim, although the milliner declared it just the thing for foreign travel, and good enough to wear in the presence of royalty.

If possible, in those last busy weeks home seemed dearer than ever, and I fain would have lingered in our Southland. The flickering sunshine and the shadows beneath the trees were never more entrancing, and nasturtiums, roses, lilies, jasmines, oleanders, and magnolias charmed me ne'er so well. Arkansas, my good mother-in-law, bedecked with June roses, never looked lovelier than when I started off from Little Rock with a chaperon to unknown lands.

At St. Louis, Mrs. B—— and Miss J——, of Tennessee, joined us, and our journey to New York was not unpleasant, although heavy rains marred the succession of pleasing landscapes.

We spent two days in the great city and completed our shopping; buying raincoats, steamer-hats, rugs, books, and magazines. The chaperon and I bought suit-cases alike, and all the raincoats are alike in lacking grace and beauty.

Just before sailing we discovered the chaperon had regularly for three days administered her medicine for the prevention of sea-sickness—but at the wrong times. What the outcome will be remains to be seen.

I don't think I've really forgotten anything, yet I failed to bring the silk bag for magazines, and the little pillow to form a head-rest on the back of my steamer-chair, as directed by the chaperon. There was no time to make the bag, but I brought the blue silk scraps along to harmonize with the Atlantic Ocean and possibly soothe the Mediterranean Sea. Almost at the last minute the silkoline pillow was

tied on the young box-elder to protect its tender branches from the wires which anchor it to the old cedar tree near our library window. That little seedling, which pushed its way up among the flowers, right by the Mary Washington rose, has grown rapidly, and it was necessary to safeguard it against windstorms.

I've made apology and explanation to the chaperon, and I expect to be able to hold my own head up. The flannelette cover of my hot-water bottle is a fine substitute for the silk bag, and this scarlet pouch, with Chinese flowers and parasols chasing around it, is large enough to hold note-books, pencils, and the magazines I may never read. I shall spend my days on deck, scribbling some and dozing a good deal, and I hope to emulate that wonderful baby who "breathed and breathed and breathed all day long."

On yesterday the commotion of passengers coming aboard and their friends leaving the ship was followed by a noticeable silence. Everybody seemed to be writing farewell letters to be left at Sandy Hook for the United States mail. I dare say, we all desired to go to Europe, but some of us wished ourselves at home.

New York Harbor, with sea-craft of every size and shape, made a fine picture, and our receding shores were wondrous fair to look upon. Soon the ceaseless hum of the busy, bustling city was no longer heard, and for once New York appeared to be silent and serene. Its tall spires and magnificent buildings were fading out of sight as we passed Ellis Island and the neighboring ones on which notable and beneficent institutions of our country are situated. The Statue of

Liberty gleaming in the sunlight, which bespeaks our welcome to the peoples of the earth, now spoke us farewell and bon voyage to the Old World.

The call to luncheon was opportune, and we began to look at our fellow-passengers with interest. Seated on deck we had resembled so many "Injuns all in a row," but now we looked into each other's faces and read the signs of promise there. Friendly lights beamed through "windows of the soul," and kindly salutations were exchanged.

The long tables were decorated with ferns, and some of them were graced with beautiful flowers sent by friends in compliment to the young ladies, who kindly shared the brightness and fragrance with us all. All around us the language of flowers was eloquent, and one small table was a "thing of beauty" with the artistic arrangement of a profusion of exquisite roses, pink carnations, and rare orchids. Almost the entire number of cabin passengers, one hundred and thirty, were seated in the dining-saloon, and good cheer prevailed. A lady of foreign accent, seated near us, ordered wine—to prevent sea-sickness, she said; and from the size of the bottle, she anticipated a prolonged siege.

There are a number of Southerners aboard and very pleasant-looking people from all parts of the United States.

The chief event of yesterday afternoon was the delivery of steamer-letters, and it was good to have messages of love and cheer as the homeland was slipping out of sight.

Tell A—— I've already commenced collecting souvenir postcards for her, as our menus for luncheon and dinner have pretty and detachable pictures of the steamship *Slavonia* anchored at Gibraltar, Naples, Trieste, and "Fiume," her Mediterranean ports, though we shall not see the two last-named ports.

June 20, 1908.

On the hurricane deck at 7.30 A. M.

The weather is fine and the ocean is intensely blue this morning. As the spray falls into drops the sapphire waves are crested with diamonds flashing in the sunlight. In the distance little white caps on big waves run to join each other like gleeful children in a game of catching hands. The glorious sunset of last evening was a foregleam of this resplendent morning.

Very few passengers come out before breakfast, although it is delightful up here, and there is always something to see or hear about. The decks are hardly yet dry from the early morning scrubbing, and the tall, thin, old gentleman from Colorado is in danger of slipping down as he takes his morning exercises. He wildly gesticulates arms, hands, and fingers as he hops and skips, dances and prances, paces and races around the deck. He is the most animated granddaddy-long-legs I ever saw. He has evidently been in a sanitarium where patients receive hints on diet and how to be quiet; the mind compose and eat protose; to shake the digits and avoid the fidgets; and where exercises, prescribed and self-appointed, engross all God's anointed until tortures of the Inquisition seem brought

into requisition. Yet Mr. Longlegs enjoys his gymnastic gyrations, and so do we.

The Italians are already having good times on the steerage deck. A young man oblivious to everything else is playing lively tunes on his accordeon, keeping time with his feet; while another with a baby in his arms is dancing to this energetic music. Little children dressed in red, yellow, blue, and green prints are marched up to the hydrant, and their smiling faces are hastily scrubbed. These Italians are leaving the United States because there is a scarcity of work, and they are the merriest people on the ship; but they are sailing homeward, while the rest of us are leaving friends and familiar scenes.

The Marconi wireless telegraph station is on this deck, and messages buzzing around in there sound like mammoth mad wasps dancing on window panes. This morning really seems an opportune time for a message from Mars, if it is ever to come. We might be a little startled by the communication, but would hardly run away.

Bulletins from the wireless telegraph station are read with eagerness, and yesterday we heard that the Republicans in the Chicago convention had nominated Judge W. H. Taft for President of the United States. As the "publicans" and sinners may be victorious in the November election, I'm glad we of the South are favorably impressed with Judge Taft.

We also scan the ship's daily log with as much interest as ever men in Washington City watched the returns from a baseball game in a distant town.

Our day is reckoned from noon to noon, and Rackem says our watches must be moved up twice a day to keep correct hours.

We have representatives of many countries on board our ship, but the more than seven hundred steerage passengers are chiefly Italians and Hungarians. As they are not very friendly towards one another, they are separated by all the available space; the Italians being in the bow, and the Hungarians in the stern of the ship. The Italians seem pleased by our interest in them, but the Hungarians are stolid-looking, with unresponsive faces.

Our good ship, the *Slavonia*, is a Cunard Royal Mail twin-screw steamer, 510 feet long and 69 feet wide, and it is wonderfully complete and compact in every part. The British Lion, rampant, stamped on the stationery, painted on the china, and carved on the newel posts of the stairways, is evidence that the *Slavonia* is a loyal subject of King Edward VII of England.

The vessel is well manned and no one doubts her ability to cope with wind and wave. Her commander and officers are vigilant and courteous, and her seamen and stewards are tireless in the performance of duty.

We are living in luxury on the Atlantic Ocean, though the cozy cabins are right little, tight little apartments. The beautiful Miss R——, of North Carolina, and the witty Miss K——, of Texas, are my room-mates, and we are comfortable and congenial in close quarters. These young ladies call our cabin-steward "Rack-em," and somehow he feels complimented.

When he showed me the electric bell, and I told him we expect to keep well and need but little attention, he quickly said, "Oh, but we want to be called; for we must earn our living." So "tips" are of vital consequence to the men who serve on royal mail-ships owned by rich corporations of England.

This morning we were introduced to Captain D——, commander of the ship, and he said seasickness is largely due to disturbance of the brain. So from this day we shall cultivate the serenity of old-world philosophers, lest the semblance of brain-storm overtake us.

MONDAY, June 22, 1908.

At eight o'clock this morning the sky was partially overcast with clouds, and a light rain sprinkled the little company of us seated on the hurricane deck. Suddenly the sun burst forth and a beautiful rainbow "all woven of light" spanned the heavens. As Wordsworth said, "The clouds were touched, and in their silent faces could be read unutterable love."

On yesterday, our first Sunday at sea, divine service was held in the dining-saloon. The improvised pulpit was draped with British flags, and the service of the Church of England was impressively read by Rev. Dr. Hill, of Pennsylvania. Special prayers were read for His Majesty, King Edward VII of England, and His Excellency the President of the United States, whose name was not called.

We entered the Gulf Stream on Saturday evening and were in it a part of yesterday, consequently the

temperature was higher and the day was rather warm. That day sea-gulls followed us for awhile, and this morning a whale bobbed up serenely, though I failed to see his ugly countenance.

We were invited to a concert Saturday evening, given "by kind permission" of the commander, and the music and recitations by the passengers were good, and much enjoyed by the audience. Three of our party added to the entertainment of the evening. Mrs. B——, of Tennessee, gave a fine selection on the violin, the chaperon recited a witty story in Negro dialect, and Mr. S—— played on the mandolin. The concert closed with the audience singing "God Save the King," followed by "America;" for these loyal Britons are not unmindful of their American patrons.

Through Marconi's wireless we have been in communication with several ships on the highways of the sea, and it is a comfort to know we are in speaking distance of other people. Though the most interesting news of to-day is that the population of this floating city has been increased by the arrival of a new passenger. The light-hearted Italians in the steerage are rejoicing over the birth of a baby, and we are wondering what they will name her. She might be called Oceana, or Slavoniana; at any rate she is Italiana, though, being born on a British ship, she is a subject of King Edward VII. The ocean is a little rough to-day, and the baby will be well rocked in the cradle of the deep. May she, all unconscious though it be, catch the rhythm of the sea in its ceaseless song of praise to God on high.

One of my room-mates, not feeling well to-day, declined to go to luncheon, and the table-steward said she ought to eat, "to have something to bring up." Judging from the many opportunities to eat, this steward's opinion prevails, and the hospitality of the *Slavonia* is boundless. Three times a day the long tables in the saloon are loaded with good things from the ends of the earth, and between meals tea and biscuit (crackers) or bouillon and wafers are served on deck. If we do n't go to meals they'll come to us. There's bound to be something to bring up! These informal and frequent teas are conducive to sociability and the days are passing pleasantly.

We promenade the decks at all hours, usually wearing raincoats, not to keep off rain, but to hold down our skirts. Hats are rarely laid aside, and a few of the ladies have very becoming ones. The Old Lady's felt hat, being too large, has a tuck pinned in the crown, which makes the brim droop behind like a vanquished rooster's tail after a fight. She, however, is not subdued by the slight circumstance of the passing hour; nor do our promenaders anticipate the fate of Rack-em, who says "the Missis" (his wife) will not go out with him when he is at home, because the carpets on shipboard have made his feet tender and ruined his gait. Although he has been in the employ of the Cunard Ship Company for twenty years, his lack of grace on land may not be entirely due to the luxuries of their ships. He has been married twelve years and has spent less than half the time in England, and says his younger children would not recognize

him, so little have they ever seen him. One of the ladies asked him if a half worn raincoat would be acceptable to some woman in the steerage, and he quickly replied, "I know some one a great deal better than those in the steerage who would be thankful for it, and that is my wife in England."

Rack-em is short and florid, and a rather fierce-looking Englishman, with his hair standing on ends like that of the immortal Tommy Traddles introduced by Charles Dickens. Rack-em says he loves the ocean and knows it "'eart to 'eart;" and he must have the faith of the prophets of old, for he believes our bathroom steward bids fair to become a fine interpreter.

This handsome, fair-haired Russian boy of sunny countenance puts one hand upon the cold and the other upon the hot-water faucet, and smilingly awaits the indicative nod to learn whether a bath of higher or lower temperature is desired. It is upon this good start in understanding the universal language that the optimistic Rack-em bases his prophecy.

June 23, 1908.

A few of us were on the hurricane deck at 7.45 this morning, and the ocean was very rough. Her great billows angrily hurled themselves against our ship, and it was fascinating to watch the conflict between nature and man, whose skill won the victory. The contest began early in the night, and Rack-em came to close the port-holes in our cabin; but Miss

K——, not being well, persuaded him to leave it open, and we were fanned to sleep by the brisk breezes.

At four o'clock we were awakened as, with a roar and a splash, a small deluge poured in upon Miss R—— sweetly sleeping in the berth under the port-hole.

The night-steward came immediately, saying he knew what had happened, because "the bookings showed that this port-'ole was the only one left hopen, as the young lady would 'ave it so."

That was small comfort for Miss R——, who received the drenching richly deserved by Miss K——, and we quickly made her as comfortable as possible. The port-hole was closed and screwed down, to prevent further encroachment of the sea. There was not much more sleep for us, as the ship rocked to and fro, and at six o'clock, without discussion or premeditation, my charming room-mates answered the call of the sea. I arose, dressed quickly, and fled to the upper deck to prevent the spread of brainstorm in our cabin.

A number of chairs were vacant at breakfast time, and a great many were unoccupied at luncheon, while a moderate gale prevailed.

The lady at our table who ordered the big bottle of wine to prevent sea-sickness was absent, having succumbed to water, if not to wine. All in vain, at intervals during the day our pretty Hungarian stewardess begged Miss R—— to "eat a little cheeken, to keep from getting too theene."

They tell us Gibraltar is 3,251 miles from New

York, and that we are now about halfway there. The old Atlantic is rushing along impetuously, as though eager to reach a haven of rest. The great billows continue to rush at our ship, and we are reminded of the monster leviathan of old. But the stately ship goes on. With patience and perseverance she rides the huge waves of the partially subjugated and ever-restless sea.

It has been said the ocean, ceaseless and resistless, represents only the omnipotent God, with never a token of His love. Yet we know all lands are enriched by treasure brought on the ocean wave, and by its breath man is refreshed and invigorated.

The great air-shafts standing on the upper deck are benign monsters, wide-mouthed and hideous to look at, and they catch the sea-breeze and ventilate the ship below. Lifeboats containing casks of water and boxes of biscuit are in readiness to be lowered upon the ocean should disaster overtake the *Slavonia*; but we anticipate only good fortune.

Twice a day a thermometer is let down into the great deep, and a secret is wrested from Dame Nature's heart. The proximity of an iceberg is sometimes discovered in this way and danger is averted.

June 25, 1908.

The ocean is smooth and glorious to-day, with hardly a wrinkle on her brow.

The sea-sick voyagers are better and the sociability on deck has been renewed. The handsomely dressed

woman wearing many ruthlessly-slain bluebirds around the crown of her big hat says this is her twenty-third voyage across the Atlantic, and that once she "went over for a dinner in London." Whereupon a young lady from the South, in a whisper, wondered if her mission was to cook the dinner in London.

Through the kindness of Mr. M——, our conductor, several of our party were invited up on the bridge this morning, and the unobstructed view of the vast ocean was sublime. To me it is not a melancholy sea, nor does it seem treacherous, but it does signify separation, and I realize each day how far I am from home. On the bridge we saw the pilot and his compass with needles delicately poised, and his wheel which connects with the engine and controls the rudder of the ship. Charts of the ocean-route, the chronometers and thermometers of late device and best invention were very interesting to us. We looked through the wonderful and delicate instrument invented by Hadley for ascertaining the latitude and longitude, in which the sun, falling on a little mirror, is seen through glass, and the mark is recorded by needles. The officer in charge was asked how the longitude and latitude are discovered on a cloudy day, and he smiled, but the question was unanswered.

This afternoon we sighted a tramp-steamer, and Mr. Longlegs kindly lent us his fine glasses to get a good look at it, and we discovered no reason for calling a useful carrier of freight a tramp.

This evening we encountered a school of porpoises, and they jumped joyously—perhaps on account of

loaves, if not fishes, as the crumbs from our dinner-table had just been emptied into the sea.

The event of last evening was the grand ball of the voyage, and for which elaborate preparation was made. The decks, enclosed with canvas, were spread with rugs, decorated with flags, and made brilliant with electric lights. The ladies were beautifully attired, and gold braid and buttons glittered on the uniform of their escorts, officers of the ship, and we heard a fine supper was served at midnight. The American girls say the Englishmen are not good dancers, and it is barely possible that Rack-em's rolling gait is not confined to the stewards of ships.

A day or two ago several members of our party went down into the boiler-room and inspected the fine machinery of the *Slavonia*. Despite the noise and grime of the engine a little canary bird, the engineer's pet, chirped and sang merrily in its cage, and seemed to enjoy "dying for the king," and other little tricks taught it by the patient and faithful Englishman who labors down below the daylight for the safety and speed of the ship.

June 27, 1908.

On hurricane deck at 7.30 A. M.

This morning the blue sky is cloudless. The ocean is calm, and serenely wears the colors of heaven on her breast. The Kindly Light has led us through night's encircling gloom. A few moments ago a beautiful sea-dove flew around the ship and rested on the rail of the steerage deck. No one knows whence it

came nor whither it goeth, but it seems to presage for us a prosperous voyage to the end.

A day or two ago the bright bow of promise flung across the firmament reminded us of God's goodness to the children of men, and this gentle dove brings a message from the Prince of Peace, the Savior of mankind.

As we look out where the sky and the ocean meet we are reminded of the mysterious and invisible line which separates time from eternity. There are no boundary lines and seemingly no pathway ahead; yet our pilot, true to his compass, is guiding this great ship into safe harbors.

We know not what the future holds for us, but with our own Quaker poet we sing:

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His love and care."

This beautiful, restful voyage is making us ready for the dash through Europe.

We are fortunate in having a charming young lady and a bright school girl to enliven the dash. Besides our courteous and capable conductor we have a preacher to indoctrinate us, a lawyer to extricate us, a teacher to elucidate and illuminate us, and a doctor to medicate, vaccinate, and, if need be, fumigate us. We are prepared and equipped for the exigencies and emergencies of foreign travel.

We have on board another party of tourists (of

the same number and under the same management as ours), formed of Carolinians and Virginians, and we have many pleasant acquaintances in common with them. The Old Gentleman from North Carolina entertains me with reminiscences, and says W——'s father helped him to get started in business more than fifty years ago, and afterwards helped him to win his sweetheart when the case seemed hopeless. Forty years have passed since their wedding day, and he is her lover still. As he talked about her, Wordsworth's poem, written after thirty-six years of wedded life, was recalled:

"No spring nor summer beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in an autumnal face.

Morn into morn did pass, noon into eve,
And the old day was welcome as the young.

As welcome, and as beautiful in sooth,
More beautiful as being a thing more holy."

June 29, 1908.

The past two days have been crowded with interesting incidents, not to say events, which they certainly were for me.

We have sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean Sea, glimpsed Portugal, looked over into Spain, upon the Atlas Mountains of Africa, and have set foot upon England's possessions, spending several hours at Gibraltar, the mighty fortress of history.

Yesterday we sighted land, and first thought it a shadow or a cloud against the horizon. It was the rocky coast of Cape St. Vincent, the tip end of Portugal, rising abruptly from the sea, and the friendly lighthouse, the quaint church and farm-houses, with cultivated fields beyond, formed a charming picture. This tranquil scene contrasted strongly with that recently enacted in the capital city when the king and crown prince of Portugal were brutally assassinated in the crowded streets. The young King Manuel comes to the throne with a sad but courageous heart. His inaugural address of twenty-six words was worthy of a thoughtful and cautious monarch, and that he may rule righteously was our hope as the *Slavonia* sailed past this tip end of Portugal.

To-day we've had the rugged coast of Spain on one side, and on the other Africa's towering mountains; and the grandeur of the scene is indescribable. In this meeting-place of Nature's mighty monarchs the sea may not be quelled, but it is held in check by the mountains. These countries are shut in by nature, but superstition and unbelief have been far greater barriers to the spread of truth among their peoples.

Tarifa, Spain, is very attractive with its two lighthouses, several watch-towers of olden time, and queer little dwellings perched upon the rocky cliffs. The small farms are divided by hedges, and a few trees give the charm of home-likeness to the landscape. Back of these were the wooded hills, and we could n't peep far into Spanish territory, but we made good wishes for the king and queen and the Crown Prince

Alfonso, a soldier at three years of age and destined, if he lives, to add to the glory of Spain, for he is not only a prince of the Asturias, but the great-grandson of the great Queen Victoria.

A little before noon we sighted Gibraltar, the historic key of Europe. In undisguised delight we gazed upon the great rock with its fortifications and bristling guns, the signal service and wireless telegraph stations; for this natural stronghold has been reinforced by man's skill and scientific knowledge.

Gibraltar, the mighty tongue of rock, 1,350 feet above the sea, runs south of the mainland of Spain to within twenty miles of the shore of Africa, and it has been called the portal through which Arabian refinement and learning entered the peninsula with the Moors in 711. At the northeast corner of the promontory stands the picturesque ruin of a once magnificent Moorish castle, said to be one of the oldest buildings in Spain. The Moors called Gibraltar "Tarik's Hill," and, beginning early in the fourteenth century, they fought fiercely, siege after siege, to recover it from Spain for Mohammed and Morocco. No sooner was Spain's possession confirmed, 1492, than other nations coveted the great rock, "emphatically a fortress," and centuries of complex wars for its conquest enlivened European nations. Though I believe England's ownership has been undisputed since 1783, when Sir George Augustus Elliott led her forces to victory after four years' war with France.

The Italians cheered wildly, and we Americans were quite as much pleased, on entering the harbor,

to see the United States flag unfurled from the mainmast of the *Slavonia*, thereby indicating whence she sailed.

The little quarantine vessel, with black and yellow flags, steamed up, gave us a clean bill of health, and then hustled off to another large ship with evident pride in authority among nations. The calm blue Bay of Gibraltar was dotted with vessels of many nations, and the immense *Princess*, of the German Lloyd Steamship Company, was just starting out. She left New York two days after we did, but reached Gibraltar half a day ahead of us, paid a fashionable call, and was now resuming her voyage, causing some commotion, and the bay seemed stirred to its depths. Consequently we had an exciting time getting into the small vessel which carried us to Gibraltar, for it was violently tossed by the waves in the wake of the big ship. Finally we descended the ladder lashed to the side of the ship, and one by one the courageous and the curious men and women were lifted by a strong officer of the *Slavonia* and cast into the arms of the sturdy and expectant sailors of the little vessel below.

Some of the passengers preferred to remain on board, and one large woman did it regardless of preference. She climbed down the ladder to the officer with strength in his arms, looked over at the little vessel, and then slowly climbed back to the deck of the *Slavonia*.

The expectant and sturdy sailors below laughingly declared she was as wise as well as a weighty woman.

A few moments later we admired her discretion, for a wave dashed into the little boat and gave some of us a good shower and a taste of briny water.

The Old Gentleman said it was a bad business, but was thrown overboard, and went on to Gibraltar with us. At the pier we were welcomed by English, Spanish, Portuguese, Moors, Turks, Africans, Arabians, and other picturesque peoples, who eagerly scanned our faces. Doubtless some of them were descendants of the Basques, who long ago declared themselves "gentlemen by land, gentlemen by sea, and gentlemen in spite of the devil." The swarthy one who wore a long hooded cloak of brown broadcloth, vest and knee-breeches embroidered with gold, sandals and silk stockings, and carried a tan leather bag, embroidered with silk of many colors, said he was "only a Moorish gentleman."

After entering the great stone portals of the walled city at the foot of the promontory, we became picturesque ourselves, seated in little open tan-colored carriages, with white muslin curtains looped back at their four corners. The somber clothing of our Spanish driver was brightened by his green hat, green cravat, and big handkerchief which he waved frantically whenever he could n't understand our questions. The villas of English residents are surrounded with luxuriant gardens, shade and fruit trees; and almond, olive, orange, lemon, pomegranate, and fig trees flourish in this more than half tropical zone. The *loquat* is similar to, if not the same fruit we saw in New Orleans unexpectedly that day when Mrs. B—— re-

moved her little son's hat in the parlor and a shower of shining Japanese plums fell at our feet.

Vegetation here is not yet parched by the mid-summer sun, and even the formidable rock is lovely in its vernal dress and draperies. The market place was alive with gayly clad children, who offered fruits and flowers for sale as they ran around among the docile little donkeys loaded with casks of water and great panniers of burr-artichokes. The day was warm, but every woman wore a mantilla over her head and shoulders, and seemed reconciled to her fate.

The city of Gibraltar is old and the streets are narrow, but the governor's palace, Protestant Cathedral, and other State institutions are imposing, and Commercial Square is surrounded with substantial business houses. The Alemada and Victoria gardens are enchanting with fine trees, flowering shrubs, and plants. The tall eucalyptus, the gnarled jejuné, and graceful pepper, or pimenta trees, with clusters of fragrant white blossoms, were new to us. Flowers ran riot in Victoria gardens and were kept within bounds by hedges of cactus. One fine plumbago plant would have covered the side of a cottage with its dainty foliage and delicate blue blossoms; and crepe myrtles, oleanders, and jasmines filled the atmosphere with delicious perfume. A handsome plot commemorates the coronation of King Edward VII, his majesty's monogram and 1901 being traced in plants of brilliant foliage.

A bronze bust of Wellington upon a tall granite shaft is conspicuously placed and may be seen from

afar. And more imposing still is the monument to the valiant Sir George Augustus Elliott, which is situated on a lofty plateau and is reached by a long flight of broad stone steps.

We drove to Europa Point for the fine view of Rosia Bay and the surrounding countries. The one-hundred-ton gun up there (said to be the largest in the world) is painted in bright colors and at a distance resembles a flower-bed in gaudy array.

It is said at times there are 30,000 military men and as many soldiers of the navy stationed in the fort. Excavations in the rock will hold supplies for five years, and great reservoirs are filled with water for domestic use.

Torpedo boats are held in readiness should an evil day dawn, and Wellington's "Trust in the Lord and keep your powder dry" seems to be the policy at present.

Gibraltar is sometimes called the "Hill of Caves," and the walls with stalactite pillars are said to surpass in beauty those in our Mammoth Cave. In some of these caverns skeletons of the bear, hyena, leopard, rhinoceros, ibex, and other wild animals are found, and we stood under an arch formed of the jaw-bones of some mammoth monster of past æons.

We went into some of the shops and admired the Maltese lace and other pretty articles which, some one said, had been priced for rich Americans—of which we were not. We contented ourselves with a few trifles, as there was not time to "dicker" with the merchants.

We saw a man with a tin cup in his hand driving his herd of goats from door to door, where he milked them and supplied his customers with fresh milk. I was reminded of our infant industry in goat's milk at old Carrollton, in the days of Ann Fisher, when mother kept her contract, bought our one pound of laboriously-made butter, and sent it out to be used to grease the carriage wheels.

We saw a number of Americans on the streets of Gibraltar, but recognized none of them. It was good to find the New York *Herald*, but we were saddened by the news of the death of Ex-President Cleveland. The world is richer for the life and work of this great and good man who was honored by all nations.

Our return to the *Slavonia* was easy and uneventful. Foreigners escorted us to the tender and sold us postcards, huge paper fans with glaring pictures of bull-fights, linen table-covers of drawn-work, fans of ivory and sandalwood, and artistic baskets filled with green and purple figs, beautiful strawberries, luscious apricots, and lovely flowers. A boy offered us some nuts, and with sinister smile a withered hag standing near watched the Old Gentleman as he tried in vain to eat one. These may have been the hard-shelled nuts of the karite tree, or possibly the dried seeds of the dorowa, edible in season, but now as hard as the cement said to be made in Africa of the leaves and pods of this tree, combined with other substances.

At three o'clock we sailed from Gibraltar, and looking back at the bold, defiant fortress, with its bastions and batteries, from the sea-wall to the summit,

we were impressed anew with the daring of the Anglo-Saxon who captured and keeps it. He even forbids neighboring nations to build fortresses upon their own domain, except within limits prescribed by him. The gateway to Europe is unlocked to the world, but old England keeps the key, and the nations of earth may be thankful.

THURSDAY, July 2, 1908.

For some hours after we left Gibraltar on Tuesday we skirted the coast of Spain, and then we seemed to sail out into mid-ocean again. To-day the Mediterranean Sea is as calm as a lake, and the *Slavonia* is as graceful as a swan upon its vivid waters. A glimpse of the Island of Sardinia, the cloudless skies and gentle breezes added to our enjoyment of yesterday.

The series of out-door sports on deck closed in the afternoon with pillow fights, potato races, and other laughable features. After the concert last night prizes were awarded the plucky and lucky young men who have made mirthful hours for us. My room-mates and I, not caring for refreshments, retired immediately after the concert, and they were fast asleep when, with a gentle tap on the door, the thoughtful Rack-em appeared, saying, "Sandwiches, ladies?" The hospitality of the *Slavonia* is unabated, and Rack-em is optimistic still.

Our bon voyage will soon be ended. We will reach Naples to-night, and they say we must enter the harbor by ten o'clock or we'll not be allowed to disembark before to-morrow. We'll be happy to reach

Naples. For one thing, I am tired of keeping the hat with elongated brim on my little bed all day and under it all night. My conundrum of the voyage is, "What is more troublesome than living in a suit-case?" Living in two suit-cases, of course. At first I invariably opened the wrong one, no matter what I needed, but I have improved, and am now usually clothed, and in my right mind as well, when the last suit-case is locked.

We will miss the daily routine of the *Slavonia*, which has been restful and refreshing. Three times a day it has been the bugler's delight to summon us to the dining-room with the tune, "Roast Beef of Merrie Old England," except on Sundays, when he gave us the tune played by Westminster chimes. The other night, after serenading the new arrival, the baby-subject of King Edward VII, he came up from the steerage modestly saying, "I blowed them ladies to bed down there." Miss R——, of artistic bent, says this rosy-cheeked young bugler with blue eyes and red hair might well sit for a portrait of Cupid.

We will miss the smile of the sea. It has been so lovely in the quiet evenings, when the shades of night have fallen across the silvery waves and the firmament hath shown God's handiwork. Then in our hearts we sang with Isaac Watts, "In every star Thy wisdom shines." And with Wordsworth we have thought:

"In night's blue vault
Sparkle the stars, as of their station proud."

Neither will we forget the occasional frown of the sea. One evening the sky was overcast with heavy clouds, and as the great billows surged around us the ocean was terrible in the blackness of night. I thought about Columbus, and, as never before, I marveled at the faith which flooded his soul as he sailed westward. According to his faith Columbus kept on, and he found the New World.

The ever-ready and obliging Rack-em says I have used the "black-lead" a great deal, and he is not mistaken. It has been a comfort to imagine myself looking into the faces of the dear ones in America as I've scribbled about these new experiences. Fortunately the "magic ring" was not packed in the bewildering suit-cases, and I have taken many a peep through it across the seas. The one convenience and comfort lacking on this ship is the ability to hear from our families at moderate cost.

Strenuous days are ahead of us. If we see half the interesting places in our itinerary, we shall read "sermons in stones," and books in rocks and rills for weeks to come; to say nothing of the art-galleries and other institutions of learning we shall visit day by day. I shall see a thousand things I've always desired to see, and ten thousand times I shall wish for you.

I have been most fortunate in escaping sea-sickness. Brainstorm has been held at bay, and I have partaken of pigeons, chickens, ducklings, geese, turkeys, beef, and mutton. The "ravigote" and the "jambon au diable" we discretely passed on to the sphinx seated on the other side of the table. I have "brought up"

nothing but recollections and reminiscences from memory's treasure house for my own benefit, and "tips" (from the pocketbook) for the sympathetic Hungarian stewardess and stewards of the cabin, the deck, the dining-saloon, bathroom, for boots and the bugler, the obliging servants of the *Slavonia*. I have learned the meaning of "ship-shape," and that no habitation on the dusty fourth of this terrestrial globe may be so called again.

We know not whether any ship ever came exactly this way or ever will again, for our shining pathway has been obliterated even as we looked back upon it. The classic Mediterranean teems with associations of centuries of civilization, and its history, wonderful in fact, has all the charm of tales of lambent fancy, though but half remembered now.

Through you I should like to advise your son and daughters and their young friends to read history and biography with the hope, if not expectation, of going to Europe some day. I am sure this habit would enable them to so grasp the historical settings of great events that they might easily and with infinite pleasure be recalled in later life.

And I covet for these young friends a kindly disposition towards all men. The little flower-boats we used to sail on the old mill-race at the foot of the grove at Carrollton never reached their destination on foreign shores, but I know now they strengthened that spirit of kindness towards all nations which was inculcated around the fireside and whereof I am glad to-day.

Sailing on the Mediterranean, who of our Christian nation could fail to take courage and thank God for Paul's "journeyings oft" to spread the gospel of Christ which from these shores has gone to the uttermost parts of the earth for the salvation of men.

In our party of twelve Southerners (eight ladies and four gentlemen), Alabama, Georgia, Missouri, Tennessee, and Arkansas are well represented. We've always been neighbors, and it's a small matter that we had never met face to face before starting on our tour of Europe. The heroic struggle and Christian endeavor of our forefathers and the one defeat of our fathers which added glory to a good name is our common heritage. We cherish the traditions and truths of the Southland, and together we own her sacred and royal history. We are proud of our birthright, and doubtless the pleasant acquaintance begun on shipboard will ripen into lasting friendship.

ITALY

NAPLES, CAPRI, POMPEII.

July 3, 1908.

NAPLES, QUEEN OF THE BEWITCHING BAY.

WE entered the Bay of Naples early in the evening, amid the shifting scenes of twilight under the brightly-tinted skies of Italy. Nature was robed in blue and purple and emerald, and her supernal beauty was mirrored in the still waters of the bay. The queen of night sped swiftly in her chariot of gleaming silver, and the slender crescent passed beyond the horizon as the golden stars came forth to illuminate the heavens. Myriads of little lights sparkled along the shore and seemed to encircle the bay. We had rather a tedious time getting ashore, as the passengers in the steerage were allowed to disembark first. It was a pleasure, however, to see their delight on touching native land and to hear joyous greetings from their friends assembled to welcome them home.

Our drive through the city and up on the heights to Hotel Bristol gave us a glimpse of Naples by gaslight, but we were too weary to linger on the way. Nor did we converse long after our late but excellent

dinner. The chaperon and I were assigned a handsome suite of rooms with tessellated floors, luxurious mirrors, and fine old furniture. From our balcony we looked down at this city of terraces, for Naples is built on a hill rising as an amphitheater out of the lovely bay. Sounds of merriment and snatches of song floated on the air, and Naples reveled in midnight festivities.

This morning I awoke much refreshed, but mystified by ruffles of unfamiliar lace on my sleeves. It developed that last night I had unlocked the chaperon's suit-case, the one like mine and placed in my room by mistake, and appropriated her night-dress without knowing it. The comedy of the suit-cases progresses.

It was my turn to laugh, and pay too, an hour later when the chaperon and I sent a joint message by cable to Little Rock. She had told her family that a cablegram of less than two words would signify we'd had a rough passage and sea-sickness, however cheery the one word might read. Her cipher cable was original and unique. It was like keeping yourself well and paying the doctor. Two words were cabled, and Pandora's box was not opened in Arkansas by the tidings from fortunate travelers.

We find beautiful Naples smiling, chattering, singing, and romping like a happy child, with no regret for the past and small thought for the future. And who can wonder, when her vine-clad hills, her olive and lemon groves rejoice in abundance, and the Bay of Naples is married to the Mediterranean Sea?

In the sunlight of to-day the islands Capri and Ischia glisten like gems on the bosom of the bay, and the cruelty of Tiberius is forgotten. Nor far off Mt. Vesuvius keeps silent vigil, and no one expects a repetition of his wrathful vengeance upon a pleasure-loving people. Picturesque old castles crown the hills, but their watch-towers are deserted and their crumbling ramparts are covered with vines and flowers. We are in the land of poetry, music, and laughter, and even the beggars are happy for centissime. And, by the way, I do not see so many beggars as I expected to find here. Nor do I see so many beautiful faces, though there is a pleasing cheerfulness in almost every countenance.

The cab-drivers call out to one another in sharp tones and approach with menacing gesture, but on meeting they burst into laughter and are the best of friends. A cab may be had for two lire (forty cents) an hour, and charming roads lead in every direction.

The Province of Naples was originally dominated by a Greek colony, but it has been seized and subdued successively by the Roman, Norman, German, French, and Spanish peoples; since 1861 it has belonged to the Kingdom of Italy. Naples has been the favorite place of residence of Roman emperors and the nobility of Italy, and it is now her largest city, with a population of more than 600,000. The Via Roma here is said to be the most densely populated street in Europe. The climate is bracing and, since pure water is brought from a spring in the hills thirty miles away, it is no longer good form to "see Naples and die." There

are three hundred churches here, and some of them are richly embellished with paintings, mosaics, and frescoes. The museum and art galleries contain many treasures, including gems of the Etruscan and Greek periods, bronzes from Herculaneum and Pompeii, and the celebrated Farnese sculptures. Colossal statues of marble adorn the exterior of the royal palaces, and by their court costumes the Norseman, the Crusader, and many stern rulers are readily recognized. The Margherita Villa, situated on the summit of the hill, has graceful towers and turrets, and the high wall is adorned with jardinieres filled with scarlet carnations at present.

This afternoon Miss H—— and I drove around the city, and we met the finely-appointed equipages of noble ladies, handsomely gowned for their fashionable afternoon pastime. We went into the imposing St. Francis Cathedral and saw fine pictures in mosaics and much ornate woodwork in chapels and elsewhere. Religious services were being held in one of the chapels, and we lingered there a few moments in silence. We went into a few shops and saw lovely cameos, corals, and tortoise-shell ornaments. This is said to be the best place in Europe to buy cameos. Miss H—— bought several pairs of very cheap kid gloves from a manufacturer she patronized on a former tour of Europe, and I selected a pair which fitted fairly well and cost only thirty-five cents. Before we reached the hotel my gloves had stretched a size too large, and they are stretching still.

The markets are filled with flowers, and boys and

girls ran after us with bouquets of jasmine blossoms, Parma violets, and exquisite roses like the Marechal Niel with a trace of coral in its petals. The diminutive donkey of the French fable is here, but his prospect of a friendly lift has been indefinitely postponed. He is either hitched to the family cart crowded with children, or is almost smothered between two great panniers filled with fruits and vegetables for the market, with now and then a baby thrown on top for a ride.

It is easy to learn Italian money, but the abbreviations used in bills are a little confusing at first. A charge of "25 cts. un Oeuf" seemed an exorbitant price for the one egg ordered at breakfast this morning, but it proved to be just five cents of our good money. In Italy "cts." stands for centissime, five of which are equivalent to our penny. Our continental breakfast of rolls with butter and coffee is supplemented with honey fit for the gods. Of course the rolls are cold, but they are crisp and good. For luncheon and dinner we have a variety of good things, and the fine figs, the immense cherries (red and pink like corals), and golden apricots are beyond compare.

The little "lift" or elevator in this hotel is a useful modern innovation slipped in the wall of the grand marble stairway. It comes up empty and always seems to know when and where to stop. It would be interesting to see what would happen if a passenger changed her mind and wished to go higher instead of lower, but there is no time for experiments and the secret of the little elevator's sagacity is safe.

CAPRI.

The pleasure in our excursion to Capri surpassed all expectation. The succession of charming pastoral scenes skirting the Bay of Naples recalled idyls of the poets of old. This is the land of the goatherd with capering flocks and the shepherdess of snow-white sheep. Hercules and Omphale are making love to each other to-day. She is knitting as he gazes into her face, and their flocks browse together contentedly among the moss-covered rocks.

Our little steamer went merrily; it was the *Regina Elena*, named for Italy's beautiful queen, the beloved wife of King Victor Emmanuel. Our enjoyment of that rare day was heightened by music and melody from a quintet of Italians on the steamer who performed well on guitar and violin and three of them sang almost divinely. We passed Sorrento, the birth-place of the poet Tasso, and not far off was Posilippo, where Virgil's tomb is sacredly guarded.

Sorrento is a favorite summer resort of the Italians, and is much frequented in winter by English and American visitors. The villas, Oriental in architecture and colorings, seem to rest upon houses cut in the stone below. Anyhow, there are doors, windows, and balconies cut into these soft stone cliffs, and private stairways lead down to the bathing grounds along the bay. The little bath-houses are fantastic in red and yellow stripes; they stand on stilts, as if to avoid getting wet feet.

Our first stop was at the famous Blue Grotto,

which we entered in tiny rowboats, bowing our heads until safely through the narrow and low entrance to the cavern. The lofty, vaulted ceiling was even brighter than the intensely blue waters below, and it was a weird place by torchlight, especially when the almost naked boy dived to show his silvery form and to pick up the bits of coin thrown by the spectators from the boats. The Blue Grotto is certainly very wonderful, for it is painted by nature's hand with her own cobalt.

The island Capri is rugged and rocky, but it is clothed in verdure fair. Capri and Anacapri are the quaint villages of flat-roofed houses, white, buff, and pink on the summit of the island. Roads cut in the stone by the Romans are still used, and our drive up to Excelsior Park Hotel was very interesting. Our carriage horses were decorated with red pompons, and two of them had long pheasant feathers in their head-gear. Plants clinging to the overhanging walls hid their roots in crevices covered with dainty foliage and purple blossoms, and red poppies bloomed all along the way. We passed little shrines cut in these walls of soft stone, and invariably flowers had been recently laid at the feet of the Virgin and Child. One shrine near the quay at Naples is under the boat-shed and enclosed with a tall iron fence, yet vines are flourishing and flowers are blooming around the Madonna and Child in this tiny spot. The spirit of worship is here.

On the Island Capri the groves of fig, lemon, and olive trees are luxuriant, and the grace of the vineyards is enchanting. The garlands of vine and ten-

dril and their clusters of shining grapes are divinely fashioned. Here is inspiration for painter and sculptor and poet. If the vintage time is more beautiful than summer, Bacchus has reason to revel in the glories of autumn.

We passed a very ancient church surrounded by crumbling tombs, and many names and dates of historic interest were chiseled on the walls of enclosure, built centuries ago. At the hotel we were welcomed by smiling women and girls with corals and cameos for sale, and even their wares were picturesque. The strings of tiny pink, pearl-shaped corals suggested dimpled babyhood. The delicate white ones reminded us of the treasures said to exist in fairyland. The very jagged scarlet necklaces might have been worn by the Furies of ancient times.

Our luncheon was served in the garden under a canopy, to soften the rays of the midday sun, and from there we had fine views of the Bay of Naples and its beautiful isles. Traces of the twelve villas of the cruel Tiberius were pointed out, also the precipice over which the victims of his wrath were hurled into the sea. The watchful Mt. Vesuvius loomed up in the distance, a soft white cloud ever resting upon his scarred brow.

We were ready for luncheon, and the bread and butter, sardines, and other relishes on the tables were quickly disposed of, and, as a picnic feast seemed appropriate for gardens and terraces, Mr. M—— had these dishes replenished. The second installment of "relishes" had about vanished when the soup was

brought in, and a hot luncheon of several courses was served. The repast ended with green-gage plums, cherries, apricots, and green almonds, ripe but not dried yet. We walked about the gardens, tried to guess whom the old statuary represented, and suddenly discovered steps cut into the stone leading to an old palace above our hotel. But for time wasted on "relishes" we might have ascended the hidden stairway and explored this ruin of ancient grandeur. Pictures of beautiful Capri, laved by the laughing waters and luxuriating in eternal sunshine, will hang in memory's hall through the years to come. My souvenirs of the day are a tiny pink cameo for a cravat pin, a string of dimpled coral, and a tortoise-shell guitar inlaid with mother-of-pearl, though, being less than five inches long, it did not cost a small fortune.

On our return to Naples we walked from the quay up into the city, and we saw an old woman on the street in charge of a dozen little boys and girls; she had a whip in her hand, and several of the children were tied together with a stout cord. As we approached the half-starved hag cracked the long whip, thrust her bony hand into our faces, and instantly the children became whining beggars, besetting us on every side. This medieval institution, and really a school for crime, contrasted strangely with the first American day-nursery I ever saw, when down in the grove black "Mammy Mandy" took care of the babies and little children of father's slaves who worked in the fields at "Carrollton." Those black pickaninnies of the Southern plantation jumped and jabbered as they

played under the trees all day; but these miserable Italian children looked as though they had never laughed nor had enough to eat in their lives. This is the one sad picture I shall carry from Naples, and I only hope there is not such another woeful group in Italy to-day.

July 4, 1908.

POMPEII, THE BURIED CITY.

To-day we went to Pompeii and glanced back through more than eighteen centuries. The horror of the destruction of Pompeii by the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, A. D. 79, in the reign of Titus, is lost sight of in the search for historical antiquities. Science is cold and heartless, but the excavations and explorations, mainly by Englishmen, have been conducted as cautiously as possible. The sand or lava from the volcano, which seemed to bury Pompeii beyond the recall of men, really preserved it for the study of generations to come centuries later. That men of these days, in the interest of science, should have persisted until the buried city was located and its treasures unearthed seems most wonderful of all to me.

Evidences of the terrors and the horrors of the catastrophe are preserved in the museum, and the skeletons of several human beings and domestic animals seem to writhe in never-ending agony. We did not linger there, nor did we desire a crumb of the burnt and blackened bread which was taken from the broken ovens of 79 A. D. Comparatively speaking, only a

few men and women perished that awful day, but enough lives were lost to lengthen the shadow of disaster athwart the history of the world.

Dr. Henry M. Field says the plain narrative of the destruction of Pompeii by Pliny is as terrible as the imagination of Bulwer or any man could picture it. And no wonder, for Pliny not only witnessed the great catastrophe, but his heart was torn with grief in the death of his uncle, the elder Pliny, who perished in the effort to gain close observation of the volcano in eruption.

We walked the streets of Pompeii, paved with slabs of prehistoric lava, and saw the ruts worn by the wheels of Roman chariots more than 2,000 years ago. In these silent and desolate thoroughfares, ruin and disaster cling to each other. The lofty marble pillars of temple and forum, statuary in the gardens, and frescoes on palace walls record the days of delight and luxury. The industries, graces, and beauties of this ancient city of Greco-Roman culture are revealed to-day by the stately ruins of Pompeii. We walked through the roofless ruins of shops, dwellings, palaces, theaters, forums, and temples, and one might easily get lost in this labyrinth of ruins. Our guide pointed out what had been the most important public buildings, which were grouped around the Forum, the principal market-place of the city. Many of the famous structures have been identified by the massive pillars and Corinthian capitals and the fluted columns, which are broken but yet grand and imposing. An inscription in the pavement designates the Temple of

Apollo, and a marble bust found within its walls identifies the Temple of Jupiter.

Near the Triangular Forum are two theaters and the gymnasium of the gladiators, but mirth and applause died with the pleasure-seekers. The splendid baths of marble, richly ornamented with the Numidian lion and other figures in bas-relief, were once the pride of Pompeii's luxurious men. The chemist's shop is recognized by the painted serpent on the wall, and a bit of dainty sculpture (the marble now the color of ivory) adorns the doorway to the sculptor's roofless studio. Here is an old restaurant where the viands were kept hot by fires under the stone counter from which they were served, and in another one the macaroni pot and gridiron have rested upon dead embers through these centuries. Great wine jars are standing in the cellars; here are the stones once used for grinding grain, and lead pipes, all twisted and warped, indicate a system of waterworks.

The dwellings, of Oriental architecture, were built around open courts, and their rooms were adorned with frescoes, paintings, statuettes, and small fountains of delicate perfumes. The House of the Vettii has been roofed and preserved as it was originally, and the mythological and allegorical scenes painted on the red walls are still interesting and beautiful. In a banquet hall we noticed a painting of Hercules strangling the serpent; while in another the frieze represents in a series of pictures the "Amorini," graceful in sport and often at work, very unlike our traditional Cupid, who toils not, neither does he spin. These winged Amorini

are in groups, playing games or intent on occupations of domestic life. They are starting out to war with shields and spears, mounted on capering goats. They are racing in chariots drawn by stags, and the chariot-eers urge their steeds to greater speed. These beautiful Amorini are pounding herbs in a mortar, perhaps making love-philters. They are even making money, smelting the metal, hammering it on anvils, and weighing the coin in the scales. They are celebrating the festival of flowers, and are gathering grapes for the vintage. They have kindled the fire on an altar to offer sacrifice to Fortuna. These frescoes and friezes are charming, but the banquet halls are deserted and the footfall of the descendants of strangers alone resounds in the House of the Vettii.

Here are gardens with marble seats, statuary, and fountains, but the seats are vacant, the statuary is broken, and the fountains will never play again. No sound of merriment is heard in the theater, and the gymnasium is as still as the grave. The basilica for the administration of justice is dismantled and overthrown; the pillars of the temple are crumbling, and no worshiper is there; the eloquence of the Forum is hushed forever; the market-place is desolate. Yet there is no disorder in the streets of Pompeii. The stillness of the tomb broods over it, but the comforting aspect of a cemetery is lacking, for these crumbling columns tell of life's fitful fever ended by direful catastrophe. Man's delight in things temporal is recorded here. The curtain has been lifted from the past that the present may take heed for the future. The echo

of the stately ruins, "All is vanity," was spoken by the preacher of all ages. The uncertainty of life is impressed by the scene, and it is a consolation to think of the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

We will love to recall Nature's kindly smile upon the stately ruins of Pompeii. Scarlet poppies and morning-glories, blue and white and pink, bloomed along the deserted streets, and exquisite ferns peeped from crevices under shattered doorways. Not far off Mt. Vesuvius lifted his face to the sunny skies, oblivious of all calamity, and the soft white cloud encircled his scarred but noble brow. I thought I saw faint smoke ascend as incense to the heavens, but Miss H—— said it was only a passing cloud.

An hour's ride by electric train brought us back to Naples, and it was good to come into this beautiful city of life, laughter, and song. In Pompeii we met Mr. and Mrs. B——, fellow passengers of the *Slavonia*, and her pedometer will probably record millions of steps taken and thousands of miles walked before they sail homeward in August.

The other party of Southerners, our good friends of the *Slavonia*, are stopping in this hotel, and to-day the Old Gentleman has worn a tiny American flag as a boutonniere. He regrets not being able to celebrate the Fourth of July, but says he "would n't have done this much in England," as he has a great respect and admiration for our vanquished foe of former days.

On our drive yesterday we saw a tall, slender figure disappear around a corner, and verily it was

Mr. Granddaddy Longlegs, still gesticulating as he passed through the streets of Naples.

I have resurrected a few French phrases which proved useful, and these foreigners are too polite to smile at my absurd mispronunciation.

At half-past six o'clock this evening we will leave for Rome.

ROME

A DAY OF REST — ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL —
PILGRIMS AND PROTESTANTS SEE THE POPE —
MONUMENTS, MUSEUMS, AND MEMORIALS —
CHURCHES, CRYPTS, AND CEMETERIES — PAL-
ACES AND PRISONS.

Sunday, June 5, 1908.

A DAY OF REST IN ROME.

We left Naples yesterday afternoon, and the charm of that beautiful city, set upon a hill, abides with us. With queenly grace and smile of joyous possession she looked down upon the Bay of Naples, which glistened like rubies, pearls, and amethysts in the sunset glow. In the distance Capri and Ischia, islands of enchantment, gleamed in the golden splendor of the evening light. The ruby tints of the skies brightened the soft white cloud encircling the scarred brow of Mt. Vesuvius, that monarch always serene and majestic despite his robe of sackcloth and ashes. The glories of the sunset faded away, and the shimmer of moonlight transformed the earth and added mystery to its beauty.

As is the custom of Europe, we were shut up in compartments of the train, and our suit-cases and

satchels were piled in racks over our heads—and we hoped they would not take a tumble.

The first evidence of haste seen in Italy was on this train when dinner was served. The macaroni was really delicious, and the waiters were excusable for being in a hurry to get their share. The dinner was good throughout, but the toothsome-ness of macaroni over here passes belief. We Americans had a sociable time in the dining-car, but the fine-looking Englishman and his wife across the aisle ate to sustain life. They exchanged glances occasionally and were heroic in their silent endeavor to be prepared to fast all night. It was nearly midnight when the old Roman aqueducts loomed up before us and we entered the portals of the Eternal City.

The Grand Hotel du Quirinal, located in a lovely section of Rome, is complete and beautiful in its appointments and our rooms are bright and attractive. I was waked early this morning by the birds singing in their leafy tabernacles, and soon every housetop was gilded, and trees, domes, columns, and spires glittered in the light of a new day. A little later, in rich contralto voice, the man sweeping the courtyard below chanted a prayer in soft, sympathetic Italian. This restful and lovely Sunday morning was a fore-gleam of my first eventful day in Rome. The old proverb, "Good news from a far country is like water to a thirsty soul," proved true, and I was refreshed by letters from home.

After breakfast (served in our rooms on the rest-

day), I sauntered around the pretty garden of the hotel, and was charmed to find white and pink oleanders, scarlet geraniums, crimson pelargoniums, and other old favorites of the floral kingdom. The inviting grotto of rocks, covered with ivy and always cool, was enlivened by caged birds. The little canaries sang happily in duets and choruses and rejoiced in the protection of gilded cages. Two large blue birds, with an occasional note of protest, flitted incessantly in their cage and rebelled against imprisonment. They resembled our jay birds, but were larger and darker in color, with a touch of red on their wings. Possibly they were burdened with neglect of duty, being unable to carry weekly report of bad children to the "Ole Bad Man" in regions below, as our old black mammies in the South used to declare the jaybirds did every Friday.

The first meeting-place of our party for the day was at luncheon, and the enclosed menu will show you that good things are set before us in this hotel.

Lunch à 12.

Omelette à la Paysanne
Côte de Coeur Provencale
Pommes Brioches
Viande froide à la gelée
Salade
Fromage & Beurre
Fruits & Dessert.

ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL.

This afternoon we attended service at St. Peter's Cathedral, the approach to which somewhat prepared us for the interior grandeur and magnificence of the Cathedral. Circular colonnades, formed of four rows of marble columns nearly fifty feet high, enclose the area in front and lead up to the Cathedral. A mighty Egyptian obelisk, said to be the oldest thing in Rome, stands in the center of this open square, and it is good to see this monumental relic of Paganism now bearing aloft the Cross of Christ. On each side of the square is a tall, graceful fountain, enwrapped in a magical mist of rippling waters. The great Cathedral is awe-inspiring. Its majestic dome pierces the clouds and is a monument of marvelous beauty to the architect, sculptor, and painter, Michael Angelo, who designed it. This wonderful dome was not changed when his Greek design for the Cathedral was lengthened into a Latin cross. As we entered the circular colonnade men and women ahead of us, ascending the Cathedral steps, looked like children. Twenty-eight Popes reigned during the building of St. Peter's, the largest cathedral in the world, which required one hundred and seventy-six years for its completion. The impression of vastness on entering the Cathedral is succeeded by wonderment at the grandeur and gorgeousness within. The immense pictures above the seven altars are masterpieces of renowned painters copied in mosaics, of which "The Transfiguration," by Raphael, is one of the most notable. The grand altar, under

the towering dome, erected by Clement VIII, has a canopy of bronze gilt made by Bernini, and supported by spiral columns nearly one hundred feet high. In front of the altar is the circular opening to the crypt, with marble steps leading down to the tomb of St. Peter. The walls of this crypt, veneered with lapis-lazuli and other precious stones, are adorned with pillars of alabaster, ornaments of silver set with jewels, and lamps of burnished gold. In the niche over St. Peter's tomb a gold cabinet of exquisite workmanship holds the vestments which are worn by the reigning Pope during jubilee celebrations. Opposite this niche is a heroic statue of the Pope in robes and miter, cut from one piece of fine and glistening white marble.

St. Peter's Cathedral seems many in one, as it is divided by numerous pillars and arches, with niches above for tombs and statuary. It is said that an army of ten thousand men may stand in the transept and not be seen by one entering the nave of the Cathedral.

Splendid statues of many Popes rest upon their sarcophagi in the niches above the arches; and these, as well as other groups of marble statuary, are masterpieces of renowned sculptors. One of the grandest monuments is that to Clement XIII, by Canova. It represents the Pope at prayer, while Death stands on one side holding a torch reversed, and on the other Religion, with rapt countenance, leans confidently upon the cross. The lions and angels by Canova are justly celebrated. A very remarkable group, called "Old Age and Youth," seemed almost too realistic to be enjoyed by women; yet it is hard to even imagine

an old woman with pallid cheeks and sunken eyes always gazing in the mirror held in her hand and forever mourning her lost beauty, as this one is represented. Nor do I think any young woman entirely self-sufficient and complacent, no matter how extraordinary her beauty. The lineaments of these self-absorbed, vain women were chiseled by a masterful hand, which might have portrayed womanhood in ecstasy of worship or sacrifice.

The notable group "La Pieta," by Michael Angelo, represents the Virgin holding the dead Christ in her arms. It illustrates with sympathetic imagination and wonderful genius a mother's love and grief in the hour of bereavement. Pope Pius VIII is represented as kneeling with Christ and giving his benediction to St. Peter and St. Paul, and the folds of his marble robes appear almost as soft as velvet.

Judging from the labels, the confessionals of St. Peter's are arranged to meet the needs of every one who has a language. The famous and much-sought statue of St. Peter represents him seated in a chair of state, with his right hand lifted in benediction upon his faithful followers. We saw devout women kissing his favorite big bronze toe, which is getting thinner every day; and one woman lifted her little son that he might thus prove his devotion. We heard a part of the service and some music, and saw a number of cardinals in goodly array. St. Peter's Cathedral has been called Rome's living landmark of the past, and truly it is a grand temple for the worship of the living God.

The Vatican, adjoining St. Peter's, looked to me

like an immense pile of houses. We expect to go there to-morrow morning, and I will try to tell you something about its treasures of art, though as you well know I am neither connoisseur nor critic. It may be that my chaperon and I shall have the pleasure of seeing Pope Pius X. Bishop M—— gave W—— a letter introducing us to Bishop F—— of the American College in Rome, and we shall deliver it very soon.

This evening a party of American ladies started from this hotel on a stroll, leaving their hats behind, but Rev. Dr. E—— kindly sent a messenger to tell them no lady goes out in Rome with uncovered head. Needless to say they made hasty return. "All the world's a stage," and their reappearance brought forth our applause.

The sunset glow of our first day in Rome lingered long, and then the curtain of night, embroidered with silver and gold, shut us in with bright memories and hallowed thought of loved ones at home.

ROME OF TO-DAY.

The Rome of to-day is a prosperous and beautiful capital city of handsome hotels, royal palaces, elegant villas, magnificent cathedrals, and fine art galleries. Flowers, fountains, and statuary add charm and grace to the many private and public gardens of the city. The storied ilex and graceful pepper trees adorn the parks, and quiet nooks and broad avenues are shaded by tall sycamores. The rejuvenation of Rome began on September 20, 1870, when King Victor Emmanuel, at the head of the Italian army, proclaimed a united

Italy. With the overthrow of Papal rule, the Court was moved from Florence to Rome. Improvements begun then have been continued, and halves of houses now occupied show where narrow streets were widened and crooked ones made straight. The excavation of ancient Rome has been pursued scientifically and energetically, and countless statues, bronzes, columns, gold and silver coins have been unearthed and added to the treasures of the museums for the delight of the antiquarian. Religious toleration now characterizes Rome, and the Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian churches are doing educational and evangelistic work in the city.

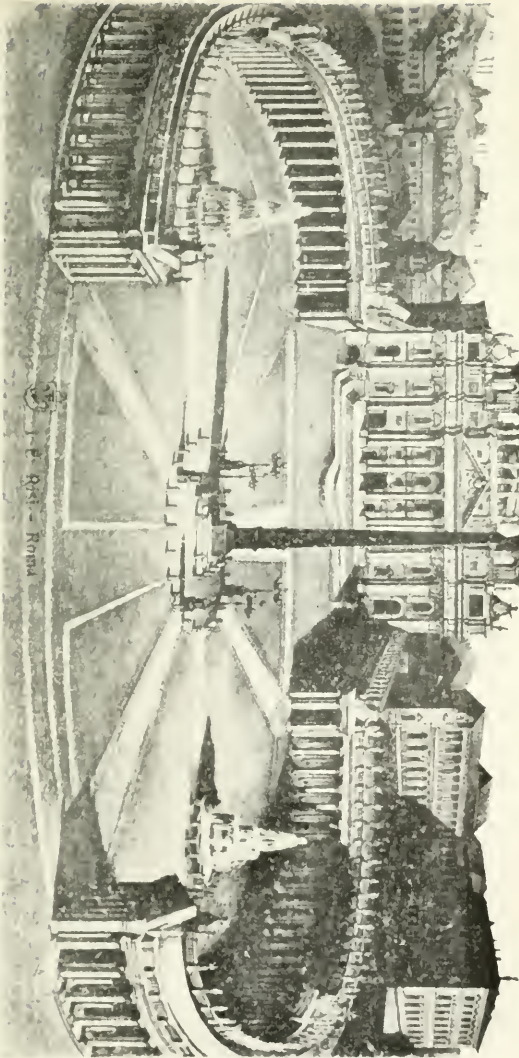
In the Parliament House we saw fine portraits of the late King Humbert and Queen Margherita, and of King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Eleanor, the honored regents of to-day. This was our nearest approach to a glimpse of royalty in Italy, as the Quirinal Palace is deserted for the summer season. It was a surprise to hear that Queen Eleanor is a Protestant, and scarcely less so to learn that General Garibaldi's daughter is teaching in a Protestant school under the shadow of the Vatican. One of the very interesting objects in the Parliament House was a picture of the Capitol of the United States of America, and needless to say, we saluted it with pleasure.

The market-places in Rome are interesting, and the Italians' love of color is everywhere evident. One old woman wore a blue skirt, yellow waist, and scarlet velvet girdle; and another one was knitting bright purple stockings. Even the horses hitched to wine-carts sport brilliant colors, their knee pants, or aprons, being

trimmed with scarlet bindings, balls, and tassels, and their heads bedecked with red pompons. A little watch-dog invariably rides behind the driver's unique umbrella to guard the casks of wine. The artistic temperament of the Italian is also in evidence everywhere and in the smallest concerns of life. One old crone waved a twig of green leaves over little pyramids of great red cherries, and an old man had his stock of lemons arranged on leafy baskets under pretty arches of cool foliage.

In the Ghetto, or former Jewish quarters, men drew heavily-loaded carts of merchandise, and women and children filled straw-covered bottles with water from the hydrants, and they all looked needy. The water of Rome is now considered pure and healthful, and even the Campagna, over which it used to be said a bird could not fly and survive, has been redeemed by drainage of the lowland. One very attractive open-air cafe, extending a block, was densely shaded by mimosa trees in fluffy and sweet-scented bloom. The tables were crowded with men, women, and children taking light refreshment, and their voices were pleasing, but the joyous smile so prevalent in Naples was lacking. The shops in Rome are alluring with pictures, statuary, brasses, bronzes, cameos, mosaics, and many other beautiful and useful articles. The famous Roman pearls offered here are more lustrous and more durable than our white wax beads, but there was no occasion to see if they would dissolve in vinegar or wine.

Nearly every lady in our party purchased one or



ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL, ROME

more of the famous Roman silk blankets and Roman sashes of lovely and rare colorings. The Old Lady selected for her husband a blanket with stripes of the rich red, blue and yellow colors of the Vatican Guards.

Signora B—— bought soap in a drug store, and the silver coin returned in change was declared "false money" by the picture dealer nearby. He said the druggist would be imprisoned if the fraud were reported to the city officials. All along the little Bride-to-be is gathering exquisite articles for the wedding trousseau, and from here several of us will express things to London, where our trunks await us.

These Italians know good American money, and they are learning the English language, though they express themselves somewhat picturesquely. The concierge at our hotel said our cloaks were stored away in the "magazine," and that the bus had made one "voyage" to the station. The bright little boys who elevate the "lift" and land us upstairs in the hotel are trying to teach us Italian, but we progress slowly and not surely.

One of our beautiful drives under tall sycamore trees and winding through gardens with flowers, fountains, shrubbery, and sago palms carried us to the summit of Janiculum Hill, one of the seven historic hills of Rome within the walls of the ancient city. An old church stands on the lofty site once occupied by a temple to Janus, the wise god who looked backward and forward at the same time. From this eminence we had a fine view of the city and the surrounding country, with all roads leading into Rome. In the

distance we saw residences of the French ambassador; of Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy; and of other distinguished men; and not far off, a bronze statue of General Garibaldi, with groups of sculpture around its base—one of which represented America. The American eagle has no fear of the she-wolf here or elsewhere, and they are often grouped together. In another direction a heroic marble statue of Garibaldi graced the center of a garden encircled with marble busts of patriots and statesmen honored by Italy.

As the fortress-castle San Angelo on the banks of the yellow Tiber is reflected in the still waters, a lovely picture delights the eye, and we would fain forget the old scenes of horror enacted within its walls. It was originally built by Hadrian for the tomb of emperors, and it was enriched with rare treasures of art. The ashes of Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius entombed here were scattered to the winds, and the splendid structure became a prison, in which Beatrice Cenci, Benvenuto Cellini, and other historic personages were imprisoned and tortured. Too often the grandeur of old Rome was stained with blood, and we are thankful the prosperous Rome of to-day is tolerant and even friendly towards the many men of many minds who come here.

July 7, 1908.

PILGRIMS AND PROTESTANTS SEE THE POPE.

We've seen the pope, and he seemed to see us. We even exchanged glances with him, and his gentleness impressed us more than his greatness. Yesterday

afternoon my chaperon and I called at the American College and, not finding Bishop F——, left our letter of introduction for him. A few hours later he telephoned us to come to the college this morning, prepared for attendance upon an audience with Pope Pius X. We were not provided with the prescribed costumes of black, but a silk waist borrowed from Miss K—— supplied my partial need, and the chaperon looked quite stately and impressive robed in a trailing dinner gown, as she walked into the breakfast-room. Her long gloves and the veil folded over the transparent yoke toned down the festive attire, and we left the hotel with expectations and anticipations as well as congratulations from several of the friends, who would have been pleased to accompany us if only my letter had been less specific. Bishop F—— met us cordially, and we were agreeably surprised to learn that he once lived in Arkansas. It was not necessary to present the note of primary French phrases we had carried in the event of a colloquial dead-lock. I was glad of that, as I had written it. Here again are cape jasmines, oleanders, and other flowering plants, which brighten the courtyard of the college, and Bishop F—— said only a calacanthus shrub, with red-brown spicy blossoms, is needed to complete the illusion of the other Sunny South, his native land and ours across the sea. We were requested to wait a little while for several Pennsylvania ladies who desired to accompany us to the Vatican. Bishop K—— gave us a letter to be presented at the Vatican, and my chaperon, "Signora B——," was the designated

guardian for this party of pilgrims and Protestants. She became more impressive with this honor, but declared it was the lace mantilla on her head which made her feel like a scion of old Italian nobility.

When we reached the Vatican the Pennsylvania pilgrims asked permission to supply themselves with rosaries to be blessed by the pope. The Alabama aristocrat assented; the noble signora smiled with queenly grace; a special dispensation was granted by her with the dignity suggestive of papal authority. The two young pilgrims murmured thanks, and regardless of the blazing, burning sunshine sped swiftly across the square to a shop filled with things ecclesiastical.

As we waited in the grateful shade of the grand colonnade of massive marble columns, the worldly-minded among us tried to make a mental sketch of the gorgeous uniform worn by the Swiss Guards of the Vatican. Michael Angelo designed this uniform, and he must have done so in an hour when cold marble refused to breathe under the stroke of his magical chisel. Here he reached Alpine heights in color and wove the brilliant hues of sunset into cloth. The coat and bloomers of rich red cloth shine through the slashed costume of dark-blue over them, and which is trimmed with orange-yellow bands.

The mental sketch was barely begun when the young pilgrims returned almost loaded down with rosaries, having bought the old shop-keeper's entire stock. They regretted there were not more to buy, and none more costly, but kindly let Signora B—— and me have two rosaries each for souvenirs of the day. The

pilgrims must have been shocked to discover that Signora B—— was not the devout Romanist she looked, and merely a pretender before the papal throne of Italy.

The great bronze doors of the Vatican palace opened upon a grand marble stairway, and we climbed marble flights and walked through marble halls until acquaintance ripened into friendship. The pilgrims from the North and the Protestants from the South forgot the "Mason and Dixon line." In spirit we all went back to America and peeped into the brightest and happiest homes on earth. We congratulated ourselves on belonging to the land of liberty, progress, and power. They did not count us heretics, nor did we consider them idolaters. We were sisters in Christ, and our hearts throbbed in sympathy with God's children throughout the universe.

We were a little fatigued, but were refreshed by the journey along the marble stairways, from which we were ushered into the throne-room of the papal palace by attendants who wore a rich uniform of cardinal-red satin with gilt trimmings and lace ruffles.

A gold crucifix was in one end of this spacious room, or hall, and immense and exquisite tapestry-pictures adorned its walls. With the exception of those who represented various orders of Roman Catholicism, every one in the goodly company wore garments of black. There were men and women of various nationalities and from every walk of life, and solemn-looking monks, nuns of gentle mien, and children with the joy of life shining in their faces. The group that

interested me most were young Irish women, whose bright faces were barely concealed by the hoods to their somber brown gowns and cloaks.

From the throne-room we were escorted by the papal guard into other beautiful rooms, and soon the appearance of the papal nuncio, the pope's secretary, clad in cardinal robes, signified the approach of Pope Pius X. He was clad in soft white raiment, and his marvelously sympathetic voice gave us understanding of the blessing pronounced in unknown tongue as the company knelt around the room. We Protestants believe no living man infallible, but with the pilgrims we were comforted by the blessing of a priest of God. We felt it a privilege to look into the face of the temporal head of the Roman Catholic Church, which has preserved Christianity through these centuries.

This short ceremony ended, and then one of the pilgrims and a Protestant crept into the adjoining room and saw the presentation of finé vestments to the pope by two ladies and two little girls who carried the precious gift. They were accompanied by a large number of their associates, all of whom wore white muslins with broad blue bands across the shoulder, evidently the uniform of some school. The ladies spoke fluently in Italian, and the pope's grateful response sounded eloquent. The weary expression left his face, and his benign countenance was full of serenity and dignity. His life has been one of sacrifice and labor for humanity, and he was greatly beloved in Venice, his former parish, whence he was called to become first in the heart of the whole Roman Catholic Church.

Pope Pius X is a man of integrity, and is esteemed by men of all nations.

A clergyman of the Church of England told me this incident, and I can well believe it: A devout Roman Catholic, grieved because her sister had become a Protestant, sought sympathy and advice in an interview with Pope Pius X. He listened kindly, and then asked her, "Does your sister love Christ, our Lord?" The woman replied in the affirmative. "Then," said the pope, "you need have no fear; for all is well with your sister if she loves Christ."

When we returned to the Hotel du Quirinal our friends were at luncheon, and Signora B—— triumphantly entered the dining-room wearing her lace mantilla, the trailing dinner-gown, and the half dozen rosaries which had been blessed by the pope. An attache of the hotel had asked her to carry a rosary for a friend of his, that it might come under the all-inclusive blessing of the pope, saying the little package need not be opened. With womanly desire to do things well, she opened it to slip the rosary upon her wrist, and found the package contained several very pretty rosaries instead of one. It is possible, if not probable, these rosaries were afterwards sold for a good price to guests at the hotel.

MONUMENTS, MUSEUMS, AND MEMORIALS.

Of the magnificent monuments, many museums, and millions of memorials in Rome I can mention only a few and describe none.

In the miles and miles of paintings, sculpture, and

statuary in the museums, everything historical, allegorical, and mythological is represented, though the presentation of sacred subjects predominates in the picture galleries. Some of the statues appear to have been made before the fall of man or ever a rib was taken from his side. More than once I've thought of the little girl in Arkansas who came into her grandmother's parlor and, holding up her doll with not a stitch of clothing on, said to the company, "My poor doll is barefooted." And sometimes I've been reminded of the little boy in Virginia who escaped from the bath-tub and his old black "mammy," and overtook his mother as she welcomed her guests for the day in the sunny walk hedged with roses.

When the innocence of these blessed babies is lacking it is well for barefooted dolls and fugitives from the bath to remain in museums, even though they be graceful and beautiful, embodying the ideal of genius.

Sometimes the devotion of the child-mother pleading for her doll and the joy of the mischievous little boy on catching his mother are seen in the statues and the cold marble is glorified. The chisel in an inspired hand may lead mortal man to heavenly heights. There's an angel in the block of stone for the divinely-inspired sculptor, and so it is a benediction to stand in the presence of some of these statues so full of spiritual strength and beauty.

The Vatican, the papal palace, is said to contain eleven thousand rooms, museums, chapels, and galleries. It is the treasure-house of art, for there we saw with delight, though unsatisfying haste, masterpieces in

sculpture and painting by Phidias, Praxiteles, Canova, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and other world-famous artists. "The Transfiguration," by Raphael, is called the greatest painting in the world, and one may well believe it, for its matchless beauty tells of inspiration in holy thought. The "Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo, on the altar-wall of the Sistine Chapel, is no less renowned; and it too is almost overpowering in its sweep of imagination and boldness of execution. There are hundreds of figures in the picture—angels ascending, demons descending, the dead rising to be judged, and the Virgin is looking away as the wicked ones receive their condemnation. The guide pointed out a demon whose face is said to be the likeness of a cardinal hated and thus reviled by Michael Angelo. The story is that the cardinal appealed to the pope to have this likeness blotted out, and that the pope said he might have been recalled from purgatory, but that Michael Angelo had consigned him to the infernal regions, from which there is no escape.

Again Michael Angelo's marvelous genius is shown in the frescoes in the ceiling of Sistine Chapel which represent scenes from Bible history. The "Creation of the World" is followed by "Creation of Adam," "Creation of Eve," the "Expulsion from Paradise," "Sacrifice of Cain and Abel," and the "Deluge."

As the titanic Eve springs from the side of the slumbering Adam, she appears to be physically equal to any man that lives; and that she forged ahead in the acquirement of knowledge is rarely questioned. Around the ceiling are the figures of seven prophets,

and five sibyls intently reading books or scrolls; also scenes representing deliverances that came to the children of Israel: Judith with the head of Holofernes, David slaying Goliath, and other historical events. These fine frescoes are seen to best advantage by connoisseurs who lie on the floor and gaze upwards through opera-glasses. My respect for hardwood floors and the accustomed dignity of the chaperon reconciled us to the second-best view from a comfortable seat in the chapel.

It is a pleasure to recall the fact that the stern, upright Michael Angelo, always in conflict with the world, at last found happiness in the companionship of the pure and lovely Vittoria Colonna of noble birth and character. The guide reminded us this greatest genius was born in the fifteenth century—"the golden century, because America was discovered in it," he added.

Nearly every painter of renown has portrayed the Madonna and Holy Family, and many of these paintings are very beautiful, though in varying degree. The Madonnas by Raphael are surpassingly beautiful, with a serenity of repose and countenance beatific that uplifts the beholder.

The Coronation of the Virgin is a favorite and very beautiful conception of the old masters. Flowers, usually lilies, spring up in the empty tomb, while in the clouds the Virgin receives the crown of life from her Divine Son and Redeemer.

In the halls of sculpture the statue of Apollo Belvedere stands alone, with the glow of exaltation in his

face. Canova's Perseus is scarcely less beautiful, but his face is cold and his body is rigid as he views the Gorgon head held aloft in his hand. The Boxers, by Canova, seem to breathe, and every muscle is tense as they face each other. One is terrible in brute force, but the lithe one is alert and may parry the blow of his antagonist. I did not care to see the combat begin. Nothing can be more terrible than the Laocoön group. The agony in the father's face is indescribable as his body is distorted in the death-struggle against the serpents coiling around him and his sons. "Father Nile," half reclining on an Egyptian sphinx, is kept awake by more than a dozen healthy youths who play around and climb upon his colossal frame to their heart's content, typifying the fertility of the soil overflowed by the River Nile. The statue of Minerva by Phidias is stately and graceful. The Muses by Praxiteles are charming, and the Venus of his school is extraordinarily graceful and beautiful.

Portraits and statues of emperors, generals, scholars, prelates, and citizens are lifelike and interesting. The statue of Seneca is fine and of noble mien. In one hand he holds the little vessel to catch the trickling blood when he died the honorable death of a Roman statesman. I saw no memorial to Seneca's wife, who tried to follow him into the mysterious land of Death, and whose pallid countenance ever after proclaimed her devotion as well as her defeat in life. A bust of Plotina, the wife of Trajan, and the sarcophagus of Eleanor, the mother of Constantine, are two of the many memorials to women.

Here are mosaics from the villa of Cicero; a basin of finest porphyry from the golden palace of Nero; alabaster vases and a fountain for perfumes from the palaces of the Cæsars. The mosaic pictures from Hadrian's villa at Tivoli represent domestic scenes; a goatherd and his flock, baskets of fish and fruit, ducks, and even pigs, are reproduced with poetic and artistic touch.

There are halls of exquisite tapestries designed by Raphael, and things of priceless value on every side. Truly, the world is under obligation to the popes who have garnered these gems of art for the embellishment of the Vatican and the benefit of mankind through centuries to come.

In Rome tradition and history are taught, and myths are perpetuated by memorials in marble and bronze. Here are memorials to great good men, to eminent bad men, and to mere mythical men. On fountains and in parks heroic statues of Castor and Pollux stand in readiness to mount their noble white horses and lead the Romans to victory, as told in stories of old. The mythical tales of Gannymede and Leda are told in bas-relief figures on the great bronze portals of St. Peter's Cathedral. The ancient Campidoglio on Capitoline Hill is reached by an imposing granite or marble stairway, guarded at the bottom by bronze lions and at the top by the heroic Castor and Pollux in marble. A golden bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius, on a pedestal designed by Michael Angelo, occupies a place of honor in the courtyard.

The old Capitol is now a museum, and contains

some of the most celebrated statues in the world. In the halls of emperors, senators, philosophers, and poets we looked upon the features of Tiberius, Cæsar Augustus, Marcus Brutus, Homer, Seneca, and many other illustrious men. The Capitoline Venus is chaste and beautiful. The statue of Diana of the Ephesians is ugly and ungraceful. The Capitoline Faun, by Praxiteles, wonderfully portrays a human being brutalized by passion.

One of the most interesting monuments in Rome is the magnificent bronze column erected by the Roman senate in honor of the Emperor Trajan. It stands in the ancient Forum of Trajan, and his victories are artistically represented in bas-relief around the column. Trajan's statue on the pinnacle has been supplanted by one of St. Peter holding immense keys in his hand.

The world-famous Moses, by Michael Angelo, seated under the sarcophagus of Pope Julius III, forms a part of this magnificent tomb, begun in 1505 and finished forty years later. The colossal Moses has horns, and the great law-giver is terrible to look upon. He would sit grandly on an Egyptian obelisk or mighty monolith in an open square, and then be a terror to the just as well as the unjust.

In the galleries of the Barberini Palace, art emphasizes dark pages and illuminates bright ones in history. Of the celebrated paintings there the most notable are "The Slave," by Titian; the strangely beautiful and sorrowful "Beatrice Cenci," accredited to Guido Reni; and "The Holy Family," by Andrea del Sarto.

CHURCHES, CRYPTS, AND CEMETERIES.

Many of the churches of Rome have been damaged or destroyed by fire, and afterwards rebuilt, new treasures being added to their old ones. One of these is the magnificent St. Paul's Basilica, first erected by Constantine the Great, where Paul the Apostle was buried. That St. Paul's and many another early Christian Church was called a Basilica, in compliment to ancient Rome, may not have been "Sop to Cerberus."

When the original St. Paul's Basilica was destroyed by fire in 1823, only two of its chapels and forty mosaic portraits of the popes were saved. In 1825 Pope Leo XIII ordered its rebuilding, and it was finished thirty years later.

St. Paul's is less gorgeous than St. Peter's Cathedral, but it is imperial in its grandeur, with magnificent columns of richest marbles, and its lofty ceilings overlaid with massive gildings. The antique papal altar is studded with precious stones, and its canopy rests upon four columns of porphyry. Paintings by renowned artists represent scenes in St. Paul's life, and the frieze under the cornice is formed of medallion portraits of the popes in mosaics. The guide called our attention to the eyes of the portrait of St. Linus, and we saw them sparkle for ourselves, diamonds having been placed there by a rich and titled woman of Italy.

The Pantheon of Agrippa, erected 27 B. C., is a masterpiece of classic Greek architecture. The sixteen columns of the Corinthian portico are granite mono-

liths, with capitals and bases of white marble. This imposing structure is lighted by a circular opening in the central cupola. This heathen temple was finally converted into a Christian church, and Pope Boniface dedicated it to the memory of Christian martyrs whose bones were brought from the Catacombs for interment here. Raphael, King Victor Emmanuel, and other illustrious men are buried here, and henceforth it is to be the final resting place for all kings of Italy. The tomb of King Humbert, "the wise and good king" who was murdered July 29, 1900, is not finished; it is covered with curtains of black, upon which are fastened wreaths of palm leaves tied with royal purple ribbons.

Tradition is recited with the assurance of truth here, and we do not question anything, audibly at any rate. In the cloisters of one church a marble pillar is said to have come from Solomon's temple, and we stood by a fragment of stone coping said to have been a part of the well from which the woman of Samaria drew water as she talked to Jesus Christ.

In St. John's the Lateran, called the Mother of Christianity, we saw the *Scala Santa*, the holy stairway of twenty-eight steps said to have been brought from the house of Pilate in Jerusalem, 326 A. D., and to have been ascended by our Lord. No one is allowed to walk on these steps; we saw a devout woman painfully ascending them on her knees, that she might be granted indulgences by the Roman Catholic Church. It was while ascending these very steps Martin Luther realized that justification through faith in Christ, and

not by works, is the way of salvation for men. He arose, and the Reformation was begun that day. At the bottom of the stairway is a circular piece of dark marble cracked in several places. We are told that Christ stood upon this marble when His death-sentence was pronounced, and that the cracks were made by the earthquake at His crucifixion.

There are said to be four hundred churches in Rome, and every church seems to have a crypt. In many instances a small section of the crypt is devoted to some tomb or relic of unusual importance, which may be seen from the floor of the church. In one crypt we saw the baptistry of Constantine the Great; St. Peter's chains in another, and relics of many saints in others.

One could hardly imagine a more gruesome place than the crypt of the Capuchin church. The walls are venerated with the ghastly bones and grinning skulls of departed Capuchin monks, and there are center-tables and hanging-baskets made of the bones of dead men's fingers and toes. The old monk in charge was fastening more bones together, perhaps to make rustic seats and comfortless couches for himself and his co-workers, who seem to think "this world is all a fleeting show for man's delusion given," and that life must ever be overshadowed with Death's grim visage.

We went down into the catacombs guided by a Franciscan monk, and our dull wax-tapers seemed mainly to reveal the darkness and blackness as we descended three flights of crooked and slippery steps cut into the soft stone and worn smooth by the footsteps

of centuries. We were surrounded by tiers of narrow niches cut in the stone walls and once filled with the corpses of men and women. A few inscriptions are still decipherable, and over some of the niches is the chiseled fish, the symbol of Christianity. It is true that, a few years ago, an American woman thrust her hand into a niche for a souvenir and picked up a bone said to have been the joint of the great toe of some departed saint, but we were content to merely look around. In fact I should gladly have returned to the light of day after the first casual glance into these discarded tombs.

We went into several of the dark, dismal chapels where the persecuted Christians met to worship God, and the earliest examples of Christian art are found in the frescoes of the St. Calixtus Catacombs. It is said Rome is encircled by catacombs, the highest being twenty-two feet and the lowest fifty feet beneath the surface of the earth, but we had no desire to verify the statement.

We returned to the city by the old Appian Way, which has been called a street of tombs; among the costly ones to be seen are the round one of Cecilia Metella and the pyramidal tomb of Cais Cestus.

We visited the Protestant cemetery, a beautiful resting-place under somber pines, and in whose branches the ravens found protection from the heat of summer-sun. We lingered a few moments by the graves of the immortal poets Keats and Shelley, and recalled some of their inspired songs which have lifted men into diviner life. In this lonesome but lovely cemetery Miss

K—— had the sorrow to find a newly-erected monument bearing the familiar name of her father's kinswoman whom she expected to meet during her sojourn in Rome.

Olive trees are said to live for centuries, and we wondered if St. Paul might have seen some of these ancient gnarled and twisted gray sentinels now standing along the Appian Way. A curious characteristic of the olive tree is that in very old age its large limbs separate from the trunk down to the roots, and actually move apart, thus forming a small grove of its own.

PALACES AND PRISONS OF ANCIENT ROME.

The days pass swiftly in Rome. The past crowds upon the present. The harvest of a cycle of centuries is spread before us. Superhuman effort and life without limitations alone could compass this wide and wondrous field of treasure. We can only hope to glean a grain of wheat here and there. Old Mr. B—— was wiser than we knew when he said he "must have passed through Rome in the night," and I will never again laugh at his subterfuge. Neither will I attempt to describe the Eternal City, for I am less wise than I knew.

Fortunately poets, historians, and Christians have given us the story of old Rome, the eloquence heard in its Forums, the mirth and cruelty of its Colosseum, and the glory, as well as the shame, of its catacombs. Now we see the palaces of the Cæsars in ruins, the grand columns of the Forum broken, the temples and triumphal arches crumbling away, and the Colosseum

a ghost of its former grandeur. Again and again we are reminded "the paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Excavations are still being made in old Rome, and there is no end to the discovery of interesting and invaluable relics. A tomb partly unearthed near the Forum recently is supposed to be that of Romulus, and the scholars of the world are trying to decipher its curious inscription. We went under the excavations to see it, but the light of the candle was very, very dim, and the riddle was not solved that day. Rome loves the memory of Romulus, her founder and first king, and she would joyously emblazon his tomb with symbols of pomp and power. The traditions of his early life are cherished, and may be learned from sculptures on gateways, imprint on imperial documents, pictures on hotel-menus, and elsewhere. The providential she-wolf stands patiently, while Romulus and Remus sit under her and greedily suckle warm milk from the maternal fountain. The potent letters of ancient time when Rome ruled the world, "S. P. Q. R." (*Senatus Populusque Romanus*), inscribed on the pedestal which supports this happy group, are almost as much in evidence in Rome as was the British Lion on our good ship *Slavonia*.

Our walk through the ruins of the Roman Forum and adjoining historic structures was very interesting, under the guidance of Rev. Dr. E——, of Baltimore, a former missionary to Rome from the Southern Baptist Church. He pointed out the Temple of Concord, erected 366 B. C., and the Arch of Septimius Severus,

A. D. 203. He accompanied us through the garden of the Temple of Vesta, adorned with statues of the seven Vestal virgins, with a jasmine vine scattering starlike blossoms at their feet. Beautiful ferns flourished all among the ruins, and, as always in Italy, Nature smiled and added a "tender grace to the day that is dead." We walked under the triumphal arch of Titus, which commemorates his overthrow of Jerusalem. This arch, built of white marble from Pentelicus, Greece, is ornamented with bas-reliefs representing the treasures said to have been brought from Jerusalem by the captive Jews, one of them being the golden candlestick from Solomon's Temple.

Not far off stands the vast and majestic ruin of the Colosseum, begun by Vespasian and finished A. D. 80, in the reign of Titus, by the captive Jews. It was not wrecked by fire and storms, but by men of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, who dismantled it to build marble palaces in the center of Rome. This vast amphitheater once seated 85,000 spectators, and 10,000 gladiators were kept to amuse them. Now, as the sunlight streams through hundreds of arched windows and doorways, the skeleton of the Colosseum seems to look with eyes innumerable upon its own desolation. The vast ruin is more magnificent and mysterious in the moonlight, when fantastic shadows congregate around it and the sigh of the soft breeze becomes a mournful requiem for its vanished glories. On a stormy night howling demons seem to invade the solitary ruins of Colosseum, and shivering sightseers hasten from the place of devastation with thoughts of

the diabolical scenes and woeful tragedies enacted within its once glided walls.

Nero's golden palace was not far from the Colosseum, but all traces of its porticos and columns, extending a mile, of Nero's statue 120 feet high, and of the golden stalls for his chariot horses, have long since disappeared. We are told the palace was overlaid with gold, and everywhere adorned with precious stones and mother-of-pearl, and that there were contrivances in the roof of the banquet hall to scatter flowers and sprinkle sweet-scented oils upon Nero and his fellow-revelers. It is said his principal banquet hall was circular and was kept in perpetual motion to represent the celestial sphere. In that case devils turned, and afterwards trembled.

The Arch of Constantine, erected A. D. 311, is really three arches; it is a noble monument to the victory of the first Christian monarch. We rested awhile in its shade, and Cupid followed us there. The rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed American girl smiled as the Old Gentleman's son talked to her in accents low.

The ruins of Rome are not depressing, for the woe-fulness of calamity and the horror of catastrophe which hang over Pompeii are happily not here. True, triumphal arches, stately temples, and grand columns are broken and crumbling away, but they record things completed. The life of the mighty civilization of old Rome has throbbed through all these centuries. The plans of her architects and bridge builders are used to-day. The eloquence of her orators has never been stilled. The achievement of her artists has in-

spired all nations. She taught the peoples of earth the strength and majesty of law. Her very persecutions of the Christians enabled them to bring the world nearer the one true God.

The Mamertine Prison, built by the fourth king of ancient Rome, in which St. Paul was incarcerated, is the one ancient structure adjoining the Forum that is not in absolute ruin. We went into this damp and dismal dungeon and saw the aperture through which condemned men were lowered to be strangled or starved to death, as was the fate of Jugurtha. It was in this prison that Paul suffered when he wrote Timothy to bring his winter cloak, but he was triumphant in spirit. He rejoiced in the expectation of the "crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

The monster, Nero, fastened his crime of burning Rome upon the Christians and beheaded Paul, their leader; but never again did he have a moment of peace. Suetonius, the historian, says "Nero thought the furies lashed him with their whips, and sometimes seared his skin with their burning torches." He was denied the easy death, as his golden box of poisons could not be found. He escaped death by scourging and the Tarpeian rock, decreed by the Roman senate, by plunging a dagger into his throat. In his golden palace the infamous Nero, monarch of the civilized world, experienced the tortures of the damned. By faith Paul, the prisoner, looked from the dungeon into his Heavenly Father's house of "many mansions" and was

unafraid. Conscience comforted him, while she gave Nero foresight of the bottomless pit. History testifies to immortal man's hold upon unseen eternal things, and in Rome we are made to realize that character is the crown that fadeth not away.

We are to leave this afternoon for Florence, the world-renowned city of art, carrying with us ineffaceable impressions of the ancient, imperial Rome, the magical city of to-day.



FLORENCE

PALACES OF ARTS — CHARMING DRIVES — CATHE-
DRALS AND OTHER HALLOWED PLACES.

July 13, 1908.

FROM ROME TO FLORENCE.

The journey from Rome to Florence was through a beautiful country of cultivated fields, terraced hills, fruitful valleys, and picturesque mountains.

Italy's festival of the golden grain was being celebrated, and the tiny stone huts dotting the fields were deserted. The gayly-clad peasants united in the labors and festivities of the harvest-time. Little children played within sight, and older ones gleaned after the reapers. Women helped the men, and the unthreshed sheaves were pressed down and hanging over the sides of the carts drawn by white oxen. Every heart was glad in the fruition of labor and in the fulfillment of the seasons. Bread for months to come was at hand. Now and then flaming-red poppies illuminated the roadside, reminding us that man does not live by bread alone. Beyond the fields lombardy poplars, olive groves, and vineyards led the way to handsome villas on the hilltops. Still farther off the Appenine Mountains challenged the admiration of every traveler, and blue and sunny skies lovingly encompassed nature's fair panorama.

However, it was not long before the delectable vision was interrupted and the panorama broken into fragments by the tunnels through the Appenines; but the world was more enchanting every time we came into daylight.

We enjoyed the sociability of the railway journey, and the freedom from hurry was restful. On entering stations the tortoise-like train slowed up a little more, and a guard ran along on the platform to unlock the compartments for imprisoned travelers desiring release. Almost immediately the toy whistle was blown by somebody, and we crept on. We had time to study French, and our lawyer's progress was noticeable. Hereafter Mr. M——, standing six feet high, will be "La Conducteur," though not the least feminine in fact. We were confined in two compartments, but were allowed to exchange visits and to converse together in English. Good fortune followed us, and in time we reached Florence, where carriages with white canopies trimmed with red, officials in bright uniform, and citizens in goodly array suggested a gala day.

The spell of enchantment woven by memory and tinted by imagination was strong upon us. As we drove through the streets half-remembered facts crowded upon us. We read pages of history in their original setting. Fragments of Roman walls tell of earliest days in Florence. Castles with feudal towers record luxury and rapine. Traces of the hatred between Guelphs and Ghibellines are not yet obliterated. But Italy's love of the beautiful outshines everything else. Stone walls are embellished and gateways

adorned with artistic sculptures. Beautiful tablets record historical events. Lovely pictures of the Madonna and Child grace the outer walls of schools and sanctuaries. Art is the poetry of Italian life and enters largely into its religion as well.

Our *pension* was once the habitation of nobility. A wall surrounds the garden, and a sculptured lion watches over it. The establishment is built around several courts, in which pink oleanders, white jasmines, and lesser plants bloom and perfume the atmosphere. Our tall, fair-haired, and handsome landladies are Norwegians, though not Vikings bold. They are powerful in frame, gracious in manner, and they cordially welcome Americans. One of them carries in her arms a midget of a dog, called Princess, though christened with half a dozen distinguished names, and she talks to it in French. The mistress of Princess says she talks to herself sometimes because she likes to converse with an honest woman.

This rambling old house seems to have been built in all the ages, and only the guests represent the present time. To reach my room from the front hall I pass through dining-rooms, down steps, and through a glass-covered hall between the courtyards, up a long flight of stairs, and then down a short one, and into the hall leading to my lady's chamber. It is a large, handsome room, decorated with mirrors, while the ceiling is heavily ornamented with cherubs and cupids. The panels in the walls suggest secret doors, and the curtained closet seems to conceal a private stairway. The tall cream-colored object decorated with shining

medallions is a stove, and not a monument to a departed saint or statesman.

The large windows and green shutters are fitted with heavy rods and locks, which creak and clang when they are opened or shut. Inside, solid wooden shutters are a further protection against intruders from the courtyard below. They might also insure the safety of a hapless prisoner, and love would hardly laugh at the locksmith here. The love of color is shown everywhere; but was it from a sense of fitness that the writing-table of my room was supplied with brilliant green ink?

FLORENCE, THE MOTHER OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

Like her marvelous cathedral with the double dome, Florence wears a double crown. We are told that her people are superior in amiability, intelligence, and freedom from bigotry, combining the best characteristics of the Roman and Tuscan peoples. Through the centuries, beginning B. C., she has heard alternately the clash of war and the songs of peace.

Florence, of royal mien, was the capital of Italy from 1864 to 1870, when King Victor Emmanuel moved the court to Rome. She is still queen of the world of art, and the mother of illustrious sons who hastened the Renaissance and laid sure foundation for United Italy; versatile men in art and science; virile men in thought and deed. These, her priceless jewels, have added luster to the imperishable treasure of the world.

Florence honors and cherishes the memory of her

sons of unrivaled genius in poetry, philosophy, painting, and sculpture. Two immense halls in the Uffizzi Palace are sacred to the statues of her illustrious children, including Amerigo Vespucci, Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Galileo, Giotto, Brunelleschi, Savonarola, Fra Bartolommeo, Andrea del Sarto, Cellini, Carlo Dolci, Ghiberti, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michael Angelo. This palace was built by the Medici family, who were patrons of art as well as rulers of men. This powerful family gained eight grand-dukeships and furnished four popes for the Roman Catholic Church; thus feasting twice as often as they fasted. Yet between political conspiracies and pontifical conquests, and despite feasting and fastings, the Medici collected the most celebrated pictures and statuary in the world, including masterpieces of Raphael, Titian, Veronese, Correggio, Guido, Michael Angelo, and other world-famous artists.

The Uffizzi and Pitti Galleries, on opposite sides of the River Arno, are connected by a covered bridge which is hung with the drawings of famous artists, and portraits in black and white of celebrities of Europe. An occasional window in this narrow, long gallery gave us a glimpse of the flowing waters below, and somehow we were reminded of the devices of olden time for the quiet removal of men and women feared by those in high places. Happily this connecting-link between the art galleries only shortens the weary way of sight-seeing, and it is all the more interesting because it is built above the little shops on the old Ponte Vecchio.

The royal apartments of Pitti Palace are reserved for the king of Italy when he honors Florence with a visit. Its museums are open alike to plebeian and patrician for a lira each.

Although art was consecrated to religion in ancient days, portraits of living men were often introduced in sacred scenes. The Medici magnates are recognized in Botticelli's painting, "Adoration of the Magi," and their families are formally presented to the Virgin for her blessing.

Florence has been pillaged by barbarians, desolated by pestilence, despoiled in war, and torn by civil strife; but now she basks in the sunlight and watches the shifting clouds. She dreams of past glories, revels in the peaceful present, and goes serenely forth to meet the shadowy future. She has more than 200,000 inhabitants, and the cost of living here is moderate. In the spring-time and autumn many visitors come to enjoy the beauties of nature, and the treasures of art and literature hold them indefinitely. In the National Library there are 480,000 volumes, many of them rare and of great value. The volumes of greatest worth are those from her own men of letters, an illustrious company of world-renowned painters, poets, prophets, patriots, philosophers, and sculptors.

Soon after the immortal poet Dante came Petrarch, "who substituted the art of poetry for the prophetic inspiration; and while Petrarch was yet singing, Boccaccio anticipated in his multifarious literature the "Age of the Renaissance."

In Florence one only turns from literature and art

to enjoy the natural beauties of the city and surrounding country. The never-ending procession of flowers is led in the spring-time by more than twenty varieties of tulips, and it may be the old Tuscan "Firenze"—Florence in English—took its name from nature's beauteous gift to the Vale d'Arno.

THE UFFIZI AND PITTI PALACES OF ART.

These art-museums are crowded with the paintings and sculptures worthy of the world's greatest masters, and even the hurried tourist is bound by the spell of enchantment within their halls. To me a few of the most exquisite paintings in these renowned collections are "The Madonna of the Chair," by Raphael, well known and beloved everywhere because so often copied by painters of all lands. It is the most perfectly-beautiful picture I've ever seen. The "Virgin and Child" is yet another notable work, and "St. John," by Andrea del Sarto, with a chalice in his hand and a cross as his staff, appeals to the highest and noblest emotions. The "Madonna with Sts. John and Francis," Andrea del Sarto's masterpiece, is transcendent in grace and loveliness. "The Virgin," with the Child in arms, standing on a pedestal supported by angels, is said to have the features of the painter's beautiful wife. On one side St. Francis lifts a small cross, and on the other St. John holds an open book. This holy conception is divinely executed in rare and tender colorings. Besides the "Transfiguration" there are a number of twofold pictures, "The Coronation of the "Virgin" being one of the tenderest and loveliest

conceptions of the old masters. Flowers, usually lilies, spring up in the empty tomb, while in the clouds above, the Virgin receives the crown of life from her Son, the Divine Redeemer.

Titian's paintings are exquisite in form and perfect in coloring; and so the fact that they are not always chaste is the more to be deplored. His famous Venus, complacent in consciousness of perfect physique, sadly needs at least one of the robes her maid lifts from a trunk in the background of the painting. His "La Flora," scantily robed and holding fair flowers in one hand, is idyllic, and the witchery of spring-time is there.

Corregio's exquisite little picture, "The Holy Virgin and Child," surrounded by angels, is often copied by artists from foreign lands, and the "Head of Medusa," by Leonardo da Vinci, is terrifying.

Here, too, is a remarkable collection of portraits of ancient and modern masters painted by themselves. A man seeing himself "in a looking-glass straightway forgetteth," but these men of genius must have had exceptional memory. Among these are portraits of Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Michael Angelo, Gulio Romano, the founder of the Tuscan and Roman school of painting; Titian, Veronese, and Tintoretto, chief masters of the Lombard and Venetian schools; Domenichino, Guercino, Guido, Albani, and others of the Bolognese school.

Among the foreign old painters are Albert Durer, Holbein, Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt; and in the collection of modern painters we noticed Alma Ta-

dema, Corot, David, Millais, Watts, Lebrun, and many others.

Here are fine Italian tapestries, and the draperies in the Uffizzi galleries show the Medici coat-of-arms. The halls of sculpture are seemingly endless. A fine bust of Julius Cæsar, known to be antique, is of priceless value, and the two busts of Nero are notable; that of him in childhood has a lovely face, while cruelty and perfidy stamp that of the mature man. The delicate features of Poppea, Nero's wife and the most beautiful woman of her time, are finely chiseled in marble, and nobility characterizes the features of Agrippina, the honored empress and the mother of Caligula. The head of an old man in black stone was once supposed to be an effigy of Euripides..

The Hall of Niobe is dedicated to the antique statues of Niobe and her children, which were unearthed in 1583 near St. Paul's Gate in Rome. This group of statues, which, it is supposed, originally adorned a temple, is considered worthy of Phidias or Praxiteles. Nothing could be more pathetic than the mother who prays to the gods as she tries to shield her youngest daughter from the unseen but terrible fate awaiting her. Some of the sons and daughters sorrowfully await their fate, while others flee in terror. This group is far more beautiful than the Laocöon, in the Vatican, but quite as expressive of parental affection, mental anguish, and physical helplessness.

The Hall of Niobe also contains the famous Medician Vase, with the "Sacrifice of Iphigenia" sculp-

tured in bas-relief around it. This vase was discovered in Hadrian's villa at Tivoli, and it belongs to the best epoch of Greek art. The Tribune contains masterpieces of ancient Greek and Roman sculptures. In "The Wrestlers," taut muscles and distended veins tell of supreme physical effort. The victorious athlete presses to earth his antagonist who vows vengeance as he struggles in vain to rise. "The Dancing Faun," perfect in characteristic feature and graceful attitude, has been attributed to Praxiteles. "The Whetter," another ancient masterpiece in marble, seems to listen for further instruction as he bends over the stone and whets his hooked knife for execution of cruel command. He is supposed to represent the Scythian ordered by Apollo to flay alive Marsyas, the sweet musician, and mythology becomes very real.

It was a relief to turn from this to the "Little Apollo," almost as charming as the Apollo Belvedere in Rome, and supposed to be the work of Cleomenes, who immortalized himself by the famous Venus de Medici brought to Florence in 1677 from Hadrian's villa in Rome. Ovid wrote in extravagant praise of the exquisite form and grace of this Venus, and every lover of the beautiful is captivated by her.

Cupids, dryads, naiads, satyrs, demons, angels, gods and goddesses, and in fact denizens imagined to exist in the air, the earth, and the waters beneath the earth are represented here. The Vestal virgin is modest and fair, and not far off Bacchante is dancing, her light draperies seeming to float with the movement of the figure. In the great bronze figures of Cain and

Abel the former has the bitterness of the curse on his face, while Abel is lovely in death.

Bronzes, cameos, gems, vases, cabinets, and tables of alabaster, Lapis lazuli, malachite, and mosaics are mementos from grand palaces. Then there are vases of semi-precious stones ornamented with gold, pearls, and diamonds. Here is a cup made of a single garnet, and one immense pearl forms the tiny watch-dog lying on the top of a little crystal casket.

Near the Pitti Palace is the Museum of Physics, containing rare botanical specimens and the first telescope of Galileo. When he heard an instrument had been invented to bring objects for nearer vision, he determined to perfect it and count the stars. It has been said his telescopic discoveries and observations were "not less remarkable for the sagacity which directed than for the inspiration which prompted them."

Among the fine sculptures beneath the arches of the *Loggia* are the "Rape of the Sabines," by John of Bologna, and "Perseus with the Head of Medusa," by Benvenuto Cellini.

It is very interesting to follow the development of Tuscan art in the Academy of fine Arts here. The large Madonnas by Cimabue and Giotto are apathetic and wear cumbersome draperies. The Madonnas and Saints by Fra Bartolomeo are gracious and stately, and his portrait of Savonarola is fine. One of the angels in "The Baptism of Christ," by Verrochio, is said to be the first work of his pupil Leonardo da Vinci. Many of these old paintings are on wood instead of canvas, and gold-leaf is applied to brighten them.

The chief attraction in the academy is Michael Angelo's magnificent "David," with aspiration stamped on his noble brow. It is said Michael Angelo asked for the immense block of marble which obstructed the highway, promising to use it worthily, and the wonderment of Florence was turned into joy by his glorious achievement in the statue of "David," unrivaled in the world of genius.

CHARMING CARRIAGE DRIVES IN AND AROUND
FLORENCE.

One of our delightful drives was to Fiesolè, an old Etruscan village on the heights above Florence. The winding roadway between walls was hedged with roses a part of the way. Here the quaint belfry, the church, and the cemetery are interesting landmarks of ancient days.

Of course, we visited Ponte Vecchio, the quaintest of old bridges, edged on one side with shops filled with curios which please and tempt the wayfaring man. The lack of time for shopping alone saves the wayfaring woman from financial distress. Though it would be too much to expect any woman to leave Florence without bits of marble chiseled daintily after masterpieces, so Apollo Belvedere, Venus, Pliny's Doves, and other miniature sculptures were hurriedly purchased and tucked away in satchels and suit-cases.

The charming drive to Michael Angelo's Square above the city was through avenues shaded by sycamore and fir trees. And there were maples with clusters of snow-white leaves, like blossoms of new design, or white butterflies poised in balmy air.

We passed handsome villas with extensive gardens, lovely vineyards, and shining groves. Needless to say, the most interesting one was that in which Galileo lived, and where he died in 1642. The villa of Arceti, with its astronomical observatory, is at once a memorial to Galileo's courage through persecution and his triumph for science. In vain do we try to imagine the converse of the mighty men on the day Milton visited Galileo in this villa. They forgot temporal things and rejoiced in the progress of science. He who followed the stars in their courses was akin to the poet of empyrean heights. They were brothers in aspiration, friends in achievement, and joint-heirs in the Kingdom of God. The sweet communion of that day was not forgotten. The remembrance of it enheartened Galileo and Milton for the vicissitudes of the remainder of life's journey. It may be the recollection of it inspired Milton's Hymn of Resignation: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Galileo was born the day Michael Angelo died, and Isaac Newton was born the day Galileo died. Apostolic succession in science, was it not?

From Michael Angelo Square we saw art in happy communion with nature. The domes, towers, castles, and cathedrals of Florence were stately in tints of gray and subdued by memories of happier days.

The River Arno ran merrily across the green valley and through the quaint city, singing all the way. On the hills beyond, myrtle and olive trees gleamed in the sunlight. The distant mountains caught the shadows of the clouds above, and seemed to float with

them. The scene begun on earth was finished in the heavens. We returned from aerial heights through a stretch of primeval forest. Firs, maples, and poplars overshadowed the tangled vines, lowly type of this complex age. Chief among the aspiring ones was the tall tulip tree. Was this survivor of prehistoric time spared that man may note his golden chalice lifted for the heavenly draught? And do we learn kind thoughtfulness under his cool canopy spread century after century for the refreshment of the creatures of earth?

CHURCHES, CATHEDRALS, AND OTHER HALLOWED
PLACES IN FLORENCE.

On Sunday we were informed, "The churches open to visitors are closed;" and this statement meant that the Protestant ministers were resting for a season. The Roman Catholic churches are always open, and I never saw visitors turned away from them; but as we could not understand Italian we preferred to visit these churches when services were not being held.

The American Episcopal Church in Florence, which is a part of an ancient Roman Catholic church, is one of the oldest on the continent. In the little Protestant cemetery there Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Walter Savage Landor, Hiram Powers, and Theodore Parker await the resurrection morn. Every one goes to the old church "San Lorenzo" to see the chapels encrusted with semi-precious stones and the tombs of Julian and Lorenzo de Medici, over which are Michael Angelo's celebrated sculptures "Day and Night" and "Twilight and Dawn."

The residence of Michael Angelo is still in a fair state of preservation, and Florence counts it a choice possession, hallowed by association.

The tomb of Michael Angelo and those of Dante and Galileo are in Santa Croce Cathedral, called the "Pantheon of Italian Glories." This Gothic church contains paintings and sculptures by men of genius, and the frescoes are counted with Giotto's masterpieces. In 1865, on the six hundredth anniversary of his birth, a statue of Dante was erected in front of this ancient cathedral. Michael Angelo was Italy's prophet, and it has been said that Dante "immortalized mediæval thoughts and aspirations at the moment when they were already losing their reality for the Italian people." With pride Florence cherishes the memory of these two greatest masters of the world of genius born on her soil.

Dante's house is also preserved, and the old stone upon which he sat in moody silence was pointed out to us. Ah! but he was dreaming dreams and seeing visions beyond the ken of many men. One of the noble army of martyrs of whom the world was not worthy, Dante shall live forever in the hearts of men.

The Santa Maria del Fiore or Duomo Cathedral, one of the grandest Gothic structures in Europe, was consecrated in 1436 and finished centuries later. It was built of white and colored marbles and first impresses one most with its extraordinary grace. Architecture has been called frozen music, but the glitter of ice is not here. The glowing tints of early dawn and the melody of divine aspiration are caught in the stone.

Indeed, architecture is forgotten in the contemplation of this flower of art. The heaven-born talent of five men of genius is united in this edifice for the adoration of the King of kings. Designed by Arnolfo, its double dome suggested by Brunnelleschi, with statues over its doors by Donatello, stained-glass windows by Ghiberti, and its marvelous campanile by Giotto, the cathedral is truly awe-inspiring in its grandeur.

Magistrates of the republic ordered a bell-tower for this cathedral to be so magnificent in height and quality of work as to excel everything done by the Greeks and Romans during their greatest prosperity, and its foundation was laid in July, 1334. Giotto died before his work was half finished, but his design was carried on to completion. Charles V said it was worthy to be preserved under a crystal. This wonderful campanile stands apart from the church; it is 300 feet tall and is as graceful as a lily. We can fancy the curfew rung from its airy height a call to quiet meditation of joys beyond earthly habitation.

Near the Duomo is the old octagonal baptistery, called by Ruskin "the central building of Etrurian Christianity." Scenes from the Bible are minutely and marvelously wrought on the bronze doors, designed by Ghiberti and declared by Michael Angelo "worthy to be the gates of Paradise."

The founders of the two great religious orders which flourished here—St. Francis, who taught the Gospel of Works; and St. Dominic, who lived the Gospel of Faith—built memorials in the hearts of men, and generations have arisen to call them blessed. I

think it was the gentle St. Francis who preached to the birds, his "little brothers of the air."

The old Vecchio Palace, once capital of the republic, later a prison, and now the city hall, looks like a fortress. Near the main entrance a bronze tablet in the pavement marks the spot on which Savonarola was burned, and in the sparkling waters of Neptune's fountain we seemed to hear a murmur for the errors of misguided men. The courageous monk dared to express the indignation of the oppressed people, and he counted his life none too dear to be offered for the establishment of just and righteous government.

Casa Guida, the house in which Robert and Elizabeth Browning lived, seemed a hallowed place to us. A tablet on the outer wall records the love and gratitude with which Mrs. Browning is remembered in Italy for her beneficent work. And who may say how many faltering ones shall yet be inspired by one immortal thought as she gave it:

"Whosoever may

Discern true ends here, shall grow pure enough
To love them, brave enough to strive for them,

And strong enough to reach them, though the roads
be rough?"

FROM THE APPENINE MOUNTAINS TO THE ADRIATIC
SEA — VENICE — MILAN AND THE PLAINS OF
LOMBARDY — STRESSA, ON LAKE MAGGIORE —
THE BEST WINE OF ITALY.

July 16th.

FROM THE APPENINE MOUNTAINS TO THE ADRIATIC
SEA.

As we journeyed toward Venice we looked at fair Florence until her quaint Ponte Vecchio, her grand cathedral, and her campanile, marvel of grace, were lost in the clouds and the song of the River Arno was no longer heard.

The ingratiating Appenine Mountains lured us on, and soon held us captive as the train groped through tunnels innumerable. The darkness was impenetrable without, and we felt it within. The lawyer was unable to extricate us, nor could the teacher lead us into luminous depths. We were the silent Seven, and in the dimly-lighted compartment, with eyes half shut, we looked like graven images with not a worshiper to fall at our feet. At last we emerged from the forty-six tunnels, visited our friends in the other compartment, and learned the M. D. and D. D. had acquitted themselves nobly, for their fellow-prisoners were well, and well indoctrinated. "La Conducteur" bought native wine as weak as water, but in pretty, straw-

covered bottles; and this, with the basket-luncheon, restored us.

We looked out upon the cultivated valleys, terraced hills of gray olive trees, and fields of flax swayed by every breeze. Ceres, in cloth of gold, embroidered with scarlet, presided over cornfields dotted with poppies. The little farms were divided by rows of Lombardy poplars, and the peasants sought shady places at midday. The atmosphere was heavy and sultry, and the afternoon thunderstorm was an undisguised blessing. Suddenly a rainbow of supernal beauty spanned the heavens, and the earth rejoiced anew in the everlasting promises of God.

We were due in Venice at 7.30 P. M., but when we arrived it was 19.30 o'clock there. A number of Venetians were at the station, apparently to meet us, though they did not greet us, and there were no carriages nor cabs, and not even a one-horse cart to take us to the hotel. Not an automobile was there to rush us through the city, and there were no airships in sight. To sink or swim, survive or perish seemed inevitable, for the tortoise had sauntered across a bridge and left us on an island, with the Adriatic Sea on one side and the lagoons all around us. As we scanned the gray skies and dull waters, the air was rent with a babel of tongues, and the lagoons were dotted with queer little black boats. On account of the rain the gondolas with cabins were used, and they looked like houseboats for the pygmies of pixies.

It was a bit disconcerting to hear the gondolier of sentimental story fiercely assail his competitor in trade,

and somewhat disappointing to see the gondola with shining prow piled up with suit-cases. The contest between gondoliers became interesting, and the musician, the chaperon, the little Princess, and "La Conducteur" looked half-frightened as we passed them. The M. D., his charming wife, the lovely Sisters, and I were together, and our gondolier, throwing aside his cloak, shot past all hated rivals in this race on the silvery waves. Our gondola was the first one to enter the Grand Canal, and then romance was partially vindicated.

Our graceful gondolier donned his picturesque cloak and became the cavalier of the seas. He pointed out historic palaces, and in charming voice sang snatches of Italian love-songs. "T is love makes the old world go round," and we who looked backward wondered if those who looked forward would find the happiness old days held for the trysting and trustful youth. The distrust among men of the twentieth century robs it of the best of earthly blessings.

A succession of handsome buildings front on Grand Canal, and in one lovely garden a man clothed in white gathered great clusters of pink oleander blossoms, and the fine old palace seemed very homelike. The man may have been a Merchant of Venice, certainly no Shylock ever gathered dainty petals with such tender care.

This palace and many others are adorned with marble medallions and ornate figures of colored stones set in the outer walls, some of them being the ensigns armorial of families of distinction. We felt a peculiar

interest in Lord Byron's palace and the one in which Robert Browning died, for we are debtors to these great poets.

We were the first to reach the hotel, and were courteously welcomed by Venetians who can neither speak nor be spoken to in English. The incoming tide of the Adriatic covered the door-steps, and we walked from the gondola into the vestibule of the reception hall. Our hotel fronts on Grand Canal, and it is built upon two or three of the 117 islands which enable Venice to keep her head above the softly-flowing tides of the Adriatic Sea. Its court for flowers and statuary, the fine old ebony furniture, and bronze ornaments give color to the report that it was once a grand palace of dukes, if not doges, of Venice. We crossed one of the 378 bridges of Venice to reach the dining-room, and it was past 21 o'clock when we finished dinner and retired to our rooms.

My little room is long and narrow. The carpet of Venetian red has curious designs wrought in green, black, and blue velvet, and the window draperies harmonize with it. The old mahogany furniture belongs to a past century, and the souvenir hunter might covet the brass candlestick and the odd little water-bottle, which I'd much rather possess than the great toe joint of a saint. I listened for the "voices of the night," and heard a good deal besides the song of the mosquito quartet beyond the bar of bobinet. At 22 o'clock the bells of Venice chimed in unison, and at 23 o'clock harmonious notes again pealed forth. At 24 o'clock the old bronze giants pounded on the bell of the great

timekeeper in St. Mark's Square, and the midnight melody of Venice mingled with sweet tones from afar. The music of the islands floated out to sea and became a part of its grand symphony.

Under the star-lit skies, with the perfume of flowers drifting through the night, Venice with poetic highways, her quaint reckoning of time, and midnight lullabies seemed scarcely more real than dreamland, except that the hungry mosquitoes would have eaten us alive but for the bar of bobinet.

In the early dawn my window framed a tiny landscape and one of nature's fascinating aquarelles in blue and gray and pink, for the banners of light flung across the east were reflected in the limpid waters of the Grand Canal. Two gondolas were moored under the vine-covered arbor of the private wharf below, and the forsaken fountain near by was filled with the rose-colored oleanders which perfumed the night and added loveliness to the morning. The gray palace with marble cornices and large observatory across the street seems to be deserted. But who knows how often curious people may still peep through the little six-inch shutters built in the middle of the heavy ones?

At breakfast a compatriot of ours said she heard somebody splashing in the bath near her room all night. For this may the Adriatic cease not her slumber-song for Americans yet to come! The old lady thought the pink salt-cellar was an electric light bulb, but she heroically refrained from remarking on the waiter's carelessness in leaving it on the table.

The continental breakfast grows in favor, and the

Old Gentleman admits that it is "better than no breakfast." I quite agree with him, since I've learned to subdue crusty little mountains and to devour extinct volcanoes. By pressing with all my strength on the bottom crust, the diminutive mountain is reduced to fragments, and honest labor is rewarded. Perhaps the "intestinal discords" of old Italy, mentioned in guide-books, were due more to political ambition and religious aspiration than to the cold and monotonous meal of the morning.

ST. MARK'S SQUARE AND ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL.

With its fluttering doves, military bands, enticing shops, royal palaces, the grand cathedral and strange peoples all in sight at once, St. Mark's Square is the most popular and attractive place in Venice. Every visitor buys grain for St. Mark's doves, which are tame enough to be fed from the hand. In the afternoon, when the bronze giants strike the great bell for 2 o'clock, thousands of doves alight for their daily feast provided by the City Fathers of Venice. It is said six thousand of these pigeons died recently from some mysterious disease, and that all Venice mourned. The famous glass factories constitute one of the chief sources of revenue for the city, and it is interesting to see the great variety of beautiful things manufactured by the skilled artisans; ornaments, vases, chandeliers, etc. The little shops glitter with bronzes, brasses, and beads of every conceivable hue and shape.

In the lace factories, for one franc a day (twenty cents in our money) girls spend their young lives

bending over spools and cushions to make duchesse, Venetian, rose point, and other fine laces. An eight-hundred-dollar lace robe and a two-thousand-dollar berthas were very beautiful, but they were simple compared to a royal robe on which forty women had worked for nearly two years. Under the clever guise of shopping for a friend in Tennessee, the little Bride-to-be bought her own exquisite bridal veil, edged with rose-point lace, while the rest of us invested in tiny pieces of real lace, fancy fan-chains and hat pins of counterfeit precious stones.

St. Mark's lion guards unceasingly the royal palaces and the arsenal gates, being bold in bronze and not much more saintly in flawless white marble. Insects are said to be numerous here, but real, live, four-footed beasts are scarce. There are very few cats and no dogs in Venice, but we've seen some little boys here as restless and fidgety as the one in America who told his Sunday-school teacher he had a flea in his pocket.

The four horses in Venice are historical, if not zoological, specimens, and they may be seen by every one who visits St. Mark's Square, for these fiery steeds of bronze, captured on foreign shores in the thirteenth century, are kept on the façade of St. Mark's Cathedral. The chaperon was bitterly disappointed not to find above the entrance to St. Mark's the angels with glittering wings so graphically described by eminent writers.

St. Mark's Cathedral, begun in the ninth century and rebuilt after several destructive fires, is a pile of

Romanesque-Byzantine architecture adorned with five domes and five hundred marble columns. The guide points to pillars of porphyry, jasper, and Verdantique, and other treasures from Tyre, Greece, Constantinople, and indeed from wherever the Venetian fleet touched, until we are reminded of the resourcefulness of Sinbad the Sailor.

The interior of this vast cathedral is more impressive to me than the gorgeous exterior. The pulpit of agate was brought from Palestine; and the choir is richly adorned with bas-reliefs in bronze, portraying incidents in the life of St. Mark. The faces of Are-tino and Titian on the bronze door of the sacristy are the work of the famous Sansovine, of whom doges and kings stood in awe. St. Mark's fine and ancient mosaics are unsurpassed, and the walls are encrusted and floors inlaid with these semi-precious stones.

Beginning with the creation, countless scenes and events in the history of the world are depicted in marbles. Though I doubt if any fox was ever carried to his grave by two roosters except in fable or fantastic mosaics on the floor of St. Mark's. The Virgin Mary and her ancestors perched on the limbs of their genealogical tree are ill at ease, probably remembering that pride goeth before a fall.

St. Mark's bones were brought from Alexandria, Egypt, to be entombed beneath this costly and sacred pile which bears his revered name, one of the most famous cathedrals in the world. Venetians say Pope Pius X longs to return to Venice and to the people most dear to him, and from whom he was so unex-

pectedly transported—not to the skies, but the Apostolic See. Not in many years, we hope, but doubtless even his bones shall be expected to rest under the shadow of the Vatican.

The campanile which collapsed in 1902 is being rebuilt, and the new structure will be very similar to the old one, which had stood more than a thousand years in St. Mark's Square before it "sat down." The noble granite columns in this square—one surmounted by the winged Lion of St. Mark, and the other by St. Theodore treading on a crocodile—were pronounced by John Ruskin the most beautiful columns in the world.

July 17th.

PALACE OF THE DOGES AND THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

After leaving St. Mark's we went through the old palace of the doges and climbed the golden stairway once sacred to despotic rulers. Pillars of Jasper, mantels of Carrara marble, the throne on which one hundred doges were crowned, and the lion's head in the Sallo della Bussola, seemingly an ornament, but in reality a secret letter-box for denunciations in days of political intrigue, treachery and cruelty, are among the many objects of interest here. Frescoes by Tintoretto, and famous paintings, "The Rape of Europa," by Veronese, and "Christ before Pilate," by Durer, are among the art-treasures of the palace.

From this place of grandeur, though not through the secret door from the Hall of the "Chief Three," we crossed over the "Bridge of Sighs," and went down

into the dark dungeons. The two ranges of prisons, known in history as the Pozzi, for criminal and political prisoners were entirely separate, but there is no record that the aristocrat was happier there than the prisoner of low degree. Not a ray of daylight could reach any of the dungeons, but each had a small opening through which the priest might shrive the condemned man.

PICTURES AND POETIC HIGHWAYS.

St. George's Church and School cover the little island on which they stand, and a picture of striking beauty, seemingly sketched on the horizon, is reflected in the canal. In fact there are so many pictures out-of-doors in Venice, it is difficult to turn from them except for the desire to see the masterpieces of art in the museums and churches.

One day our gondolier carried us out into the lagoons, and in the waste of waters we saw a funeral procession as it neared the Silent Island, sacred to the dead. A barge slowly conveyed the casket, followed by two gondolas carrying the bereaved ones to pay the last tribute of respect to their loved one. The sky was overcast and with the gray waters formed a most desolate background for the scene of infinite pathos. It was some consolation to see evergreens growing on the Silent Island, but I shall never forget the dreariness of that lowly funeral procession in the lagoons of Venice.

The Academy of Fine Arts is rich in interior decorations and contains many famous paintings, includ-

ing "The Ascension of the Virgin," by Titian; "Madonna and Child," by Tintoretto; and "The Annunciation," by Veronese. Paul Veronese's delight in large descriptive paintings is shown in his "Feast in the House of Levi," representing three gorgeous scenes. Here are pen-and-ink sketches showing how Leonardo da Vinci developed his masterpieces.

In Venice we have the poetry of motion as gondolas glide past palaces and prisons of olden time. The Queen of the Adriatic is robed in a wondrous fabric of past centuries, woven of crimson and gold, and sparkling with gems, and the mystic spell of her charm is unbroken.

Architecture flowered when dukes, emperors, and kings of Italy demanded palaces designed by masters of the fine arts. Many of the fine palaces in Venice seem to float on Grand Canal, their windows and balconies of stone furnished with scarlet cushions that the pageantry of Venice may be enjoyed in luxurious ease as the great festival processions of Church and State sail grandly by and the applause of the spectators rings from shore to shore.

There are days when the funeral procession, most impressive of all, slowly wends its way to the Silent Island and a solemn requiem for the dead is heard in the rhythm of the waves; and there are days when sweet music heralds the approach of a joyous wedding party on their way to St. Mark's or some other historic church along this poetic highway. Pleasure-loving people glide past in the glare of noon-day, and in the shadows of evening merry song and musical laughter

from gondolas with shining prow entertain the spectators luxuriating in palaces reflected in cool waters.

At first it seemed to us inappropriate for ladies to go out on the water wearing their elegant gowns and hats with delicate plumes, but the gondola is the fashionable conveyance in this city of the lagoons, and the Grand Canal is its principal avenue.

The proud gondola still has the right of way in these poetic highways of Venice, and the steam launch is counted an intrusive plebeian. Nevertheless, the Grand Canal being twelve feet deep, steam and electric launches blithely run from end to end, little caring for the occasional snub, sure to come. One day, with uplifted finger, our gondolier stopped a large launch loaded with passengers and leisurely rowed across the path of the interloper, viewing it with scorn and derision. Speaking of launches, I am reminded of an amusing experience of yesterday, when a party of our friends went out in an electric launch and were startled by the continuous ringing of its alarm-bell until they discovered the Old Gentleman had fallen asleep on the electric button.

A steam launch took us to the public gardens, which are attractive with fine trees and the largest, most brilliant begonias I ever saw. Not far off a bit of Sargossa Sea, with white gulls flying over and dipping down into the tall yellow grass, made a charming little picture. Some of our party went on out to Lido, the fashionable bathing resort of the Adriatic; but, not caring for the study of comparative anatomy, I returned to the city.

On the launch I conversed with a cultured Ameri-

can woman, who said many Americans bring their children and live in Italy for years, because they can obtain more for their money. I guess she belongs to the American Colony in Italy, for she smiled when I said I'd rather live in America and have fewer things. And while I do wish a great number of Americans might have the benefit of a trip to Europe, I believe America is the best country in which to rear sons and daughters for the life we live.

On a very hot afternoon the young woman in a shop said, "We call this a *sirrocco*;" we had a time of discomfort until a thunderstorm brought relief in the evening.

In Venice reality seems like a dream, and fiction becomes fact. The palace of Desdemona, who married Othello, the Moor of Venice, is near our hotel. Shakespeare seems to be near us with the "Merchant of Venice" and his friends who are distressed and dismayed by the demand of the merciless Shylock, and we are glad the fair Portia has the ability to outwit him.

We bought souvenirs in the shops on the Bridge-of-the-Rialto, passed over it, and saw the site of the hated Shylock's home and his auction block of the old market-place. Near there a man with a basket of delicious peaches weighed two on his little scales and sold them to us for twelve cents. An old woman was bent almost double under her basket of cucumbers, and it seemed wiser not to patronize her that day.

Americans are not the only people here amused by the sound of foreign tongues. Yesterday, as we crossed a bridge the voice and intonations of a member of our party were so perfectly mimicked there was no

misunderstanding it, even if a man below us had not shrieked with laughter when we looked around to discover whence came the echo.

If we are not growing saintly, we should, at least, become slightly artistic, for at luncheon we often eat "Filet de Saint Pierre à la Richelieu," which is not bad, and "Peches à l'Aurore," which are delicious. Nearly every day in Europe we have had "Poulet" or "Poulardi" for dinner, and it would rejoice our everyday American host to see the fowl carved and dextrously served from the silver platter by the waiter.

The parlors of this hotel are on the same island with the dining-saloon, and sometimes we congregate there for a moment's review of the procession passing on Grand Canal. To-day after luncheon a young lady in lavender and new lace sat on the terrace writing, and, as sometimes happens, the fountain-pen played at both ends. She leaned over the steps, washed her fingers in the canal without soiling dainty lingerie or even getting her white plumes splashed.

If Venice in daylight is indescribable, what shall I say of it as viewed by moonlight? We spent one evening in gondolas, and after circuitous courses through the lagoons we re-entered the Grand Canal, joined the flotilla surrounding the barge of musicians, who sang sweetly and changed the ethereal city into one of tuneful reality.

We do not see rich argosies of spices and silks, nor high-prowed galleys, victorious of old, sailing the Adriatic; but here are tokens of the days when Venice was mistress of the seas, and also traces of despotic tyranny which may have hastened her downfall.

FROM THE ADRIATIC SEA TO THE PLAINS OF LOMBARDY.

MILAN, July 18, 1908.

In the journey from Venice we passed through Verona, an ancient city of distinction. Long ago it was adorned with a circus and amphitheater built by Roman emperors, and the Roman gateways are standing here after more than fifteen centuries. Verona was the birthplace of Paul Veronese, whose masterpieces, "The Marriage in Cana" and "The Supper in the House of Simon the Leper," are unsurpassed in scenes of dignity, grace, and magnificence. Another honored son of Verona was Pliny, the elder, who perished in his endeavor to see the volcano in eruption the day Pompeii and Herculaneum were overthrown by earthquake and buried by sand and lava from Mt. Vesuvius. Shakespeare makes us believe Romeo and Juliet lived in Verona, and that their distressful love-tragedy forever wiped out the enmity between Capulet and Montague. The tomb of Capulet, in which the despairing lovers courted Death, is pointed out, but I doubt if anybody ever saw the statue of Juliet in pure gold promised (in the romance) by Montague. "All the world loves a lover," and none more truly than these radiant ones created by the immortal Shakespeare.

Passing through Padua we glimpsed the famous university, founded in 1222, and other honorable edifices of the city. One of the most widely sought

places in Europe by lovers of Christian art is the little Arena Chapel at Padua, designed and painted by Giotto in 1306; and St. Antoine church contains celebrated bronzes by Donatello. The monument there to Garibaldi and the Victor Emmanuel Square honor men dear to Italy, and the Botanical Gardens are said to be the oldest in Europe.

For miles we skirted the lake of Garda, the largest lake in Northern Italy, along whose shores picturesque villages were scattered. On the hills beyond the lake were battlemented castles, and not far off we sighted the Alps, once seen, never to be forgotten. This lake was well known to the Romans as *Benacus*: Virgil tells of its sudden storms, which frequently arise now, though all was tranquil as we passed along.

It was raining when we reached Milan, and we went directly to the Hotel du Nord where luncheon was served at once. For the first time since leaving the good ship *Slavonia* our party sat at one table, and the blessing invoked by Rev. Dr. B—— gave a pleasing suggestion of homelikeness. We were hungry, and the foreign dishes, including "*Poulardi ne au riz a la Cardinal*," were so palatable we decided cardinals know what to eat in Italy.

The fruits of Italy are as beautiful as they are luscious, and no mortal man may escape temptation through the fine figs, apricots shot with sunshine, and cherries like great rubies.

In spite of the rain, carriages were ordered, and immediately after luncheon we stared out sight-seeing.

MILAN'S MASTERPIECES IN ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

Of course, we went first to Santa Maria delle Grazie to see "The Last Supper," painted by Leonardo da Vinci in 1499, which is one of the twelve most celebrated paintings in the world. This wonderful painting on the wall of the refectory of the old convent bears evidences of the vicissitudes of war and the ravages of time. Napoleon turned this building into a stable and ordered a door cut for his horses, though fortunately the opening was below the table at which the Master and His disciples are seated. This marvelous painting is much faded, and from time to time artists of renown have reverently labored to restore and preserve it. The delineation of the features and the attitude of the Master and His disciples are life-like, irresistible, and overpowering, and the perspective in the picture is perfect. It is comforting to look from the sorrowful countenance of the Master and the questioning faces of the agitated disciples seated at the table and glimpse through the windows the running streams, everlasting hills, and blessed skies of this wonderful painting. And did not the Master Himself often turn to things out of doors for comfort in times of stress and sorrow? It is grievous to stand in the presence of these perturbed men, soon to see enacted the world-tragedy of nearly nineteen centuries ago, which pulsates throughout the universe to-day. Yet again and again we look upon "The Last Supper," with its irresistible charms which overpower the eyes and strengthen the spirit. Pupils of the great Leonardo da Vinci have copied this masterpiece in art on

the side-walls, and the old refectory seems a holy place. From the old Convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie we drove to Milan's masterpiece in architecture, the cathedral, which seemed no less a holy place because perfectly radiant in grace and loveliness.

The Cathedral of Milan is said to be one of the most beautiful in the world, and I do not expect to see another half so fair as this one of white marble. The cathedral was founded in 1386 by Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti on the spot where a pagan temple of Minerva once stood. The interior with its immense nave, pointed Gothic arches supported by massive marble pillars, and finely-proportioned aisles form the perfection of architecture. The wonderful stained-glass windows reproduce scenes from the Old and New Testaments and give indescribable charm to the solemnity of the place. Services were being held in several chapels by devout Roman Catholics, and Mrs. B—— and I spent a few quiet moments with them, though we scarcely understood the signs and symbols of the Church. The exterior of this majestic cathedral is adorned with more than 30,000 statues and basso-relievos (no two alike), all of which were designed by eminent sculptors. It is only from the roof that any clear conception may be gained of the fretworks, carvings, sculptures, and pinnacles. Nothing less than a visit to Milan will give any idea of the majesty, grace, and beauty of the cathedral, as it stands apart and seems a temple not made with hands.

MILAN'S MANUFACTORIES AND MONUMENTS.

From the roof of the cathedral may be seen the prosperous city of Milan, with its pleasure-grounds, large manufactories, gems in medieval and modern architecture, and many monuments to patriots and heroes of Italy. Miles from the city and beyond the fertile plains of Lombardy the mountains form a glorious company, including Mt. Viso, Mt. Cenis, Mt. Blanc, Mt. Rosa, Jungfrau and other celebrities peering into the heavens. Milan, the ancient city, was entirely destroyed in 1162 by Frederick Barbarossa, and afterwards rebuilt on a larger scale. Fine flannels, silks, and satins are manufactured here, and its superior dairy products are widely known. The Arcade, one of the finest of modern structures, is well adapted for the display of exquisite fabrics and charming fads. Every one saunters through its glass-covered arches to linger under its dome. The library founded by Archbishop Federico Borromeo in 1609 is rich in rare books and manuscripts, including works of Leonardo da Vinci, letters of St. Carlo Borromeo, Galileo, and Lucrezia Borgia. Near the cathedral we visited the fine monument to Leonardo da Vinci, who is called "a perfect giant in every branch of art and scientific knowledge," and this group in marble is noble in conception and execution, the statue of the great da Vinci being the central and loftiest one of the commanding figures. A monument in bronze, by the famous sculptor Grandi, commemorates the terrible "Five Days' Battle" and the victory of the citizens of Milan who wrested their city from the Austrian army of occupa-

tion. One of the old landmarks here is the bell-tower erected in 1272, from which was rung the knell on days of public executions; it sounded the curfew after twilight, and always tolled on the death of members of the powerful Visconti family to whom this city owes so much. The Simplon Gate was intended to commemorate the victories of Napoleon I, but the original inscriptions were erased, and this "Arch of Peace" now records the liberty and independence gained in 1859. In the Foro Bonaparte the statue of Garibaldi, by Ettore Ximenes, is conspicuous; it eulogizes "this simple-minded, heroic patriot who held a kingdom in his hand and retired from it penniless." A splendid monument erected in 1896, on June 24th, the anniversary of the Battle of Solferino, is dedicated to the "Regalantuomo—Vittorio Emanuele." And there are many other monuments and museums of historical relics we should see but for lack of time.

At any rate, we have not wasted precious time here on "relishes" as we did inadvertently that day at Ischia, the most beautiful island in the Bay of Naples. Nor have we followed the example of Miss H——'s party of lively American girls who sampled the cakes in every confectionery. They missed seeing some masterpieces in bronze and granite, but say they know Milan has the best assortment of cakes in Europe.

STRESA ON LAKE MAGGIORE.

July 20, 1908.

A short railway journey from Milan brought us to Lake Maggiore, nearly forty miles long and famous

for its scenery. As we steamed around the curves of the lake a faultless cyclorama was unfolded. On one side terraced vineyards, rioting in prospect of glad vintage, were mirrored in clear waters, and on the other side of us lofty mountains heaved into the depths. The villages, like little boats, kept close to the shore; castles stood on the heights, and above these an occasional lone monastery marked the topmost boundary of hospitality. Stresa is an ideal resting-place, and the weary traveler might well wish Sunday twice prolonged here. Our hotel is perched upon a hill, and right well does it deserve to be called "Beau Sejour." We look down upon the beautiful Borromean Islands, and across to the rioting vineyards, stately castles, and quiet monastery above. Beyond the majestic blue Alps of Italy in front of us the snow-capped Alps of Switzerland sit supreme and commune together in the clouds. It was nearly nine o'clock when the glowing tints of the setting sun faded into solemn twilight. Little lights sprang out in the village below us, the three Graces of Lake Maggiore held aloft blazing clusters like the Pleiades brought to earth, and the steady flame on the mountain height avowed the Christian compassion of the keepers of the lone monastery up there. And He who guides the sun, moon, and stars in their courses encompassed all with His love.

On Sunday morning the patter of raindrops made the call for breakfast unnecessary. Lake Maggiore was slightly ruffled, and the hurried flight of the seagulls portended a stormy day. At breakfast our landlord looked out and said, "More snow in Switzerland,"

and that explained the wintry blast of the morning as well as the changed aspect of the mountains, which now seemed much nearer to us. In a few hours the clouds dispersed and Stresa basked in glorious sunlight. We walked through the hotel gardens, abloom with gaudy zinnias, fine hydrangeas, and lovely roses. We sat awhile under the great palms, fir trees, and poplars of the little park and talked about things at home and in foreign lands. We came to the conclusion that we could guess Italian better if these people would only call things and places by their names.

"For instance," said Miss J——, "who could imagine that Firenze means Florence?"

An afternoon walk on the excellent road skirting the lake carried us past a succession of handsome villas situated on the hills and partly concealed by hedges of evergreens and flowers. Italy's flag of red, white, and green was in evidence now and then, and red, yellow, white, and pink begonias enlivened the landscape. At last I have found in Italy an unfamiliar flower. This morning Mrs. B—— and I walked down into Stresa and entered the open gates of a garden presided over by King Humbert in bronze. Several gardeners looked at us with surprise, but worked quietly on. Presently a man with a rake in hand rapidly approached us and solemnly said: "You are not permitted to enter." We thanked him and started to retrace our steps, but, his duty done, he generously and without speaking pointed to another gate which prolonged our walk under the lofty palms. The unknown shrub in the pretty garden was covered with

very bright blossoms of dark red, shading out to pink, which were shaped like diminutive callas. With a glance at alluring shop windows, we returned to our hotel through narrow and crooked streets, the tall houses almost shutting out the sunlight. This was a striking contrast to the walk of the day before, when we passed the succession of handsome villas on the lake front. A woodyard in this settlement was a shanty filled with small bundles of slender switches; and a boy, with a basket almost as tall as himself strapped to his back, was starting out to deliver a load of switches for firewood. It is possible that these twigs were taken from mulberry trees in leaf to feed silkworms, and the switches were then saved for fuel. The frugality of these poor people is evident everywhere, but I have rarely seen repulsive poverty. No settlement in Italy is too squalid to have its little shrine with a flower laid at the feet of the Virgin and Child.

In the little railway station here at Stresa the slate giving the hours for the arrival and departure of trains is decorated with a bouquet of roses artistically made with pink and white crayons.

THE BEST WINE OF ITALY.

The sweet Ostia and other delicious, sparkling wines of Italy have been celebrated in song and story, but the true delight of a sojourn in this land of sunshine comes not through the vintage of the wine-press. To my mind, Italy's love of the beautiful is her best wine, and through it the spirit of man is refreshed and

exhilarated. Stately palms and pink oleanders surround the courtyards of palaces; violets are scattered along the pathway of peasants, and the king's highway is edged with red poppies. There is music in Italy's laughter and divine harmony in her song. Her architecture embodies strength and loveliness, and her very ruins are glorious. He who runs may see enough beauty in Italy to enrich all his remaining years. And for the one who tarries in this sunny land of art there is the delight of exultation and spiritual exaltation. Everything is made beautiful. The outer walls are ornamented, and the inner walls are resplendent with the handiwork of genius guided by love. Italy's gateways are artistic, and grim facts are recorded in lines of grace. Her sanctuaries and schools are adorned with the portraits of the Christ Child in sculpture and painting, and we are often reminded "How He walked here, the shadow of Him love, the speech of Him soft music, and His step a benediction."

The Madonna was painted by every old Italian master who aspired to portray perfect womanhood and holy motherhood, and he usually combined the beauties of Grecian and Roman physiognomy, making the portraits of her tender, true, and beautiful. Time and again they have recalled to us lines of Sir Edwin Arnold from "The Light of the World:"

"Those were the eyes—communing with the skies;
That was the face—tender and true and pure;
There was the breast—beautiful, sinless, sweet;
This was the frame—majestic, maidenly;
And these the soft, strong hands, and those the arms,

And those the knees—bent daily in meek prayer.
Whereto the Eternal Love would needs commit
The flower of humankind to bud and blow.”

Some one has said, “In Italian painting deep thought and poignant passion are not suffered to interrupt the calm unfolding of a world where plastic beauty reigns supreme.” Thus the painted scene of cruel martyrdom is made beautiful by the vision of angels beyond the clouds. Yes, these paintings, so full of æsthetic charm, are of untold ethical value. It is easy to believe some of the old masters “went from prayers to painting and from painting to prayers,” for holy aspiration is kindled by their works of art. It seems to me that no traveler through Italy can fail to gain moral strength and spiritual uplift from the paintings and sculptures which embody the spirit of an age of self-sacrifice, devotion, and adoration. And though the ecstatic faith of those days be dimmed by ecclesiasticism, it may come back, for Italy never forgets

“The earth where heroes trod;
Where sainted martyrs glorified
In death th’ Incarnate God.”

SWITZERLAND

THROUGH SIMPLON TUNNEL TO MARTIGNY — A
DRIVE ACROSS THE ALPS — THE VILLAGE, THE
VALLEY, AND THE SEA OF ICE — FROM MT.
BLANC TO JUNGFRAU — GENEVA — THE CASTLE
OF CHILLON — THE FORESTS AND LAKES OF
SWITZERLAND — INTERLAKEN — MURREN — LU-
CERNE AND PILATUS.

SWITZERLAND THE ANCIENT HELVETIA,
NOW A MODEL REPUBLIC.

THROUGH SIMPLON TUNNEL TO MARTIGNY.

July 21, 1908.

As we entered Switzerland at Domo D'ossola our twenty-six suit-cases were passed through the custom house and the courteous Swiss officials regarded us in a friendly light. The guards wore a black uniform trimmed with scarlet, and a musical bell gave the signal for our train to start. It was not long before we changed to the electric train, which carried us through the longest tunnel in the world, under the Simplon Pass, made famous by the victorious march of the redoubtable Napoleon and his loyal army a little more than a century ago. Without regard to number of suit-cases marked with "J," it took us twenty-six

minutes to traverse the ten miles of darkness, but there was no stifling smoke, and the double railway track was reassuring. We were glad to emerge into daylight and again looked out upon rugged old Switzerland, rock-ribbed and stern featured, with bristling crags overhead, dangerous precipices below, and mountains all around us. Serried ranks of spruce climbed the steep heights and were now and again broken by great scars extending from the top to the base of mountain and made in past aeons by the resistless march of avalanches of ice and rocks. Humble huts on mountain-sides could scarcely be distinguished from the great boulders strewn by titanic forces in centuries long gone. The glory of the sun was often obscured by dark clouds, and white mist clouds floated from the valleys below. Impetuous cascades enlivened the somber landscape. They sang gleefully as they swirled and dashed against rocks, threw foam spray on the tree-tops, and plunged over precipices. One of bewitching grace took five leaps in his headlong race towards the sea.

An ancient hospice, afar off, brought to mind stories of the rescue of daring adventurers by the monks and their St. Bernard dogs, and the beckoning of a shining peak, yet more distant, seemed to justify the perilous exploit not always reasonable for men to make.

We passed through several pretty towns with modern hotels, picturesque dwellings, and churches, and followed the River Rhone for miles through its fertile valley. The little farms were highly cultivated

in narrow strips of potatoes, turnips, beets, and asparagus. A wheat field the size of a carpet was an appropriate foreground for a tiny chalet on the hillside, and in the meadow behind it two cows browsed to the music of their tinkling bells.

The day's journey ended at Martigny, where we were ready for Swiss cheese and whatever else might be set before us for dinner. We knew we'd certainly have "poulardi" or "poulet"—and chicken called by any name is good.

This was our first day in Switzerland, the ancient Helvetia, now the model republic of the Old World. More than fifty years ago Switzerland adopted the initiative and referendum form of government, and her people have ruled themselves so wisely and well, its adoption is commended to all republics. Our statesmen say we might gain largely by following the example of this wise little country of the Alps.

A NIGHT AT MARTIGNY.

We found Martigny, an old and interesting Valaisan town nestling against the Alps and looking out on the widest part of the Rhone valley. This was once the Roman town *Forum Claudii*, and many historical inscriptions on walls, bits of bronze and marble, and pieces of money have been unearthed here. Afterwards it became an ecclesiastical town, and the first eleven Valasian bishops resided here; then later it became a fief of the House of Savoy. Overlooking the town, on a rocky spur, still stands the Batiaz Castle, once a Roman watch-tower, and then the bishops'

residence until the thirteenth century. After being dismantled more than once during the feudal wars, this castle was set on fire by a Valasian patriot and partially destroyed in 1515.

The valley of the Rhone, between the Bermese and Pennine Alps, is in the canton Valais, notable for its picturesque and superb scenery. And there are still old castles and crenelated manor-houses which recall stirring times in a "tragical and passionate history."

The floral beauties of the valley, varied in form and color, extend to the snowy summits, and one Alpine garden in this region boasts of a million flowers which flourish in the wide range of latitude existent here. Our hotel was guarded by a lion, sculptured over the gateway, and ivy geraniums with a profusion of pink blossoms trailed from graceful urns on the pillars of the gate. Pink oleanders in full bloom and a quaint fountain at play gave distinction to the garden.

After dinner we conversed a while with American tourists who had driven from Chamonix that day in a cold rain, and therefore were not enthusiastic over the glories of the Alps. These people met another party of Americans going on to Chamonix, and the young man who would n't "be bothered" to bring an overcoat shivered in the one borrowed from an older and wiser man. The comfortable sitting-room of the hotel was decorated with bright pictures of home life in Switzerland, the prettiest one being the "Village Wedding." Near her father and mother, the flower-bedecked bride and the groom with 'a posey fastened in his tall hat, worn only on the wedding-day, wel-

comed their smiling guests on the village green. The old pump-handle was entwined with garlands of leaves, and little boys stood near the arch of flowers ready to toss nosegays as soon as the solemn ceremony was ended. In imagination we heard the wedding bells of Switzerland ring across the valleys and from Alpine heights sweet echoes fell.

The homespun counterpane and fine crocheted loops for the window curtains in my room were evidences of thrifty home-life in Switzerland to-day, and the tall brass candlestick had been fashioned by one with hammer in hand. That night I slept comfortably under the little feather bed laid across the homespun counterpane, for the atmosphere was wintry. The next morning I was waked by the tintinnabulation of bells, and I looked out upon a new world. In the little garden below the flowers listened to the hum of bees gathering honey from cups of fragrant dew. Mountains towered above us, and the loftiest peaks glowed in the sunlight. In sheltered places snow-drifts lay undisturbed, and the stately pines lifted their heads in adoration to the Creator of all majesty and beauty.

A DRIVE ACROSS THE ALPS.

Soon after breakfast to the accompaniment of tinkling bells we started from Martigny on the carriage drive to Chamonix, and as our horses trotted off I recognized the mystical music of the early morning. Our carriage drivers were intelligent Swiss guides who might have given us much pleasing information had we known their language. These sturdy descendants

of the ancient Helvetians, whose deathless valor won immortal glory, know and love the Alpine heights where nature's throbbing heart is heard, and they pointed out distant objects of natural beauty as well as places of historical interest.

The business section of Martigny was almost deserted, and the cats asleep in the windows of several shops seemed in full possession. A bright-looking boy astride a hobby-horse lent semblance of animation to the stillness of the morning. In a little while we met a funeral procession, and the dullness of the village became its aureola. Business had been suspended to pay homage to the memory of one beloved by her fellow-villagers. There was no hearse nor vehicle of any description, but respect and reverence for the dead were never more truly manifest than in this lowly spectacle. Four women of mature and toilful life, clad in white robes with hoods and carrying black hats, led the procession; they were professional mourners—a custom in European countries. Then came two priests, the first bearing a large black wreath and the other holding aloft the sacred cross, symbol of everlasting love and undying faith. Six strong men bore the coffin, which was followed by grief-stricken men and women in garments of black. Our guides bowed uncovered heads; the sympathetic bells lost their merriment, and the touch of nature that “makes the whole world kin” was heavy upon us as we slowly wended our way through the shabby outskirts of the village.

Our drive across the Alps baffles description, for beauty, grandeur, and sublimity dwelt together, and

heaven and earth shadowed God's unutterable glory. Upward paths led through grain-fields, terraced vineyards, and meadows bedecked with scarlet poppies, purple asters, and dainty bluebells; and we passed through hanging gardens abloom with daisies, dandelions, and royal heart's-ease. We entered the evergreen forests of pine and larch trees, and breathed balsamic incense as it rose to the skies. At every turn, for miles and miles, we saw the old Roman tower near Martigny, and the valley of the Rhone finally looked like a garden threaded by a strip of silver sheen. We passed houses that had seemed to be in the clouds, their roofs weighted with heavy rocks to keep them from being blown away by wintry winds. Again we looked up and said the people surely never come down after they begin life up on those inaccessible heights. But we passed beyond and found houses and gardens straggling up to the top of the Alps. On one sunny eminence a little chapel memorialized the place of blessing, and herdsmen there "praise Him, from whom all blessings flow." The sheep-huts and cow-sheds were deserted, and flocks and herds were grazing in summer pasturage in high mountain fastnesses. One quaint and pretty custom in some of these valleys is to select the two finest cows in a herd, naming one Queen of Milk and the other Queen of Horns, and to pay special honor to these favorites on the homecoming of the cows in the autumnal season. Indeed, the family fireside song, the "*Ranz des Vaches* (Return of the Cows) is one of the notable and best loved airs of Switzerland; military bands are forbidden to

play it in the Swiss regiments of foreign armies lest brave soldiers be overcome with homesickness.

At times on our drive, as during the day before, the brightness of the sun was obscured; and as we entered the trailing clouds the valleys and mountains below were submerged in a turbulent sea of white fog-mist. The Alps became grander and more entrancing, and through far-off vistas the snow-covered domes appeared to crown celestial cities, gloriously beautiful. Then the mist clouds seemed transformed into angelic hosts worthy to guard these cities of purity and peace. We soon learned, however, that our celestial cities were in reality distant glaciers studded with crystals of purest ray.

Our guide pointed out the great Saint Bernard Pass, which was traversed by Roman armies, by the forces of Charlemagne, and by the armies of Napoleon on his way to Italy. After his conquest the Emperor Napoleon caused military roads to be built over these passes, which were used until the mountains were pierced by tunnels for the railways now intersecting a large part of Switzerland. The great Saint Bernard and the little Saint Bernard Pass, said to have been crossed by Hannibal, were named for the Crusading Monk who established hospices for the entertainment of adventurous travelers, many of whom were rescued by the monks and their well-trained St. Bernard dogs.

In about three hours we reached Forclaz Pass, the summit of our drive, where we rested in the mountain lodge, partaking of milk and fruit. Views of the never-

to-be-forgotten and indescribable scenery were purchased, and Miss K—— selected the melodious horn of an Alpine goat for her lively little brother in North Carolina.

Tinkling bells soon summoned us to the carriages, and then began our rapid descent which was almost terrifying at times, although our guides walked alongside the horses. It often looked as though the dark mountains were closing in to shove us into the seemingly bottomless gorges yawning beneath us. The winding road clung to the mountain side, and as we looked into deep abysses our wonder and joy were stricken with awe. Torrents from the glaciers hollowed out these Dantean chasms in the masses of protogine connecting or forming a part of the mountains, and even now dark waters lurked in their mysterious depths. Doubtless we passed along dangerous places in our ascent, but it was only when we descended to lower levels that danger seemed to beset our pathway. At one point the sloping pine forest across the chasm seemed appropriate for the last resting-place of pilgrims and prophets of old, with massive moss-covered boulders for grave-stones. In our own sunny Colorado I thought I saw nature's sleeping-chamber for her poets, and this rugged, silent slope was not less beautiful, and far more sublime.

As we crept through a rocky defile something in old Latin books about showers of stones being hurled from the top of a precipice upon the army of invasion flitted through my brain. Once more I regretted that embryonic gray matter, groping after grammar, had

lost much of the sweep and cycle of heroic deeds and historical events in ancient Helvetia.

We drove through the skull of Tete-Noir Pass, for the immense black head thrust across the roadway is pierced by a short tunnel. It is a trick of these sedate and steady drivers to crack their whips in this tunnel, surprising the tourists and arousing the dwellers of the forests above and around it with sharp reverberations. But for thick wraps we might have suffered in the damp, cold atmosphere, a closed carriage being out of the question unless sullen skies sent rain upon us. The sunny skies of Italy and her soft atmosphere, which enwraps nature in lustrous sheen and comforts every living creature, were sadly missed.

Once we left the carriages, took a short walk and climbed steps to a rustic pavilion overlooking the chasm where "confusion worse confounded" is enshrined in the heart of beauty. This deserted playground of the Titans has become the laboratory of gnomes and the hiding-place of fairies. Gladsome vines drape the giant boulders which rest upon moss-covered beds fringed with ferns. Shrubs and trees had gained foothold, and through the weird depths below a purling stream hastened to carry tidings from snowy summit to sapphire sea.

Just before we reached Trient, an idyllic mountain village, we saw a party of young folks, Germans I think, returning from a jaunt up in the mountains. The girls wore short dresses of heavy gray flannel, and their bright eyes and rosy cheeks indicated wholesome sport. Two of them ran past our carriage, per-

haps as a ball goes down a hill, though they succeeded in stopping at the hotel. Possibly they were spurred on by the thought that these Americans might stop for refreshment and deplete the larder of their hotel.

Having had refreshment at the summit of Forclaz Pass, we pursued the uneven tenor of our way until we reached Chatelard, where the bridge across the Eau-Noire forms the Franco-Swiss frontier. The carriages were dismissed here, the obliging Swiss guides wishing us "bon voyage" as they started back to Martigny carrying our thanks and good-will with them.

The hotel at Chatelard was almost near enough to the mountain cliffs for us to reach from the windows and pluck ferns and catch the pearly drops of water trickling through their fairy-like fronds. After a hearty luncheon the three groups of our party were consolidated into one, and the journey was resumed in a large, heavy vehicle, a *diligence* for French territory. About two hours later we stopped at a hamlet in the dark forest overshadowed by darker mountains; and near the weather-stained cross by the wayside we drank from an ever-flowing fountain fed by crystal torrents from the glaciers.

We came quite unexpectedly upon our first nearby glacier. The forest had been parted by a vast and weird wonder and a new light fell upon the earth. For an instant I was reminded of the huge pile of slag cast from smelting furnaces of iron works in the mountains of Virginia; but that rough mass was dull and dismal, while to my eyes this rugged, royal pile was as blue as the heavens, though lacking "sweet content."

Had nature's prodigality hurled an avalanche of sapphires down this mountain-side? On nearer approach we knew this marvel of the Alps was one of the seven great glaciers of the valley of Chamonix, and we were awed and silenced by its majestic mien. In fact we talked very little that day, for we were engrossed with nature as she spread before us "the footsteps of truth and the vision of song."

CHAMONIX

THE VILLAGE, THE VALLEY, AND THE SEA OF ICE.

CHAMONIX, July 22, 1908.

THE shadows of evening were falling as we entered Chamonix, "the Queen of Alpine Resorts," and the village tucked away in the mountains was soon ablaze with electric lights. Mrs. B—— and Miss H——, who came from Martigny on the electric railway, awaited us at the hotel, and they were as enthusiastic over their quick journey as we were over the leisurely drive across the Alps. The dinner-hour was enlivened by musicians who came into the dining-room and sang selections from opera with fine expression. Between songs the leader of the quartet walked around the tables to receive contributions of coin. These were not strolling musicians of France, but professional singers from the Casino in Chamonix. The drive had sharpened our appetites for the excellent dinner, and the delicious honey for which Chamonix is famous was not spared.

We were pleased to overtake here the friends of

our voyage across the Atlantic, the charming Carolinians and Virginians, conducted by one of them who is surreptitiously called "St. Sebastian" by the girls of the party. They had just returned from the celebrated glacier Mer de Glace and gave vivid accounts of the difficulties and enjoyments of the expedition. They were weary in the flesh and seemed somewhat subdued in spirit, being unaccustomed to mountain-climbing either by foot or by mule-back, and, with the exception of "St. Sebastian," advised me not to take the tiresome jaunt. Two young ladies hobbled in and said they would n't recover from the effects of that five-hours' mule-ride in weeks. With all these arguments for discretion, my name was dropped from the list of applicants for mules needed for the very early morning excursion to Montanvert. Everybody said the trip to the "Glacier des Bossons," selected by Dr. and Mrs. B——, would be far less fatiguing and quite as interesting, and I tried to believe them.

The little shops were bright and attractive, chiefly with delicate wood-carvings, pictures, and the Edelweiss, the white flower of the snow-region of the Alps. We bought souvenir flowers, and tiny chalets with men and women to match, and diminutive domestic and wild animals enough to establish Swiss settlements in twenty-six suit-cases. Chamonix is the home of the amethyst, and some beautiful sparkling stones were bought at reasonable prices.

Impenetrable clouds had enwrapped Mt. Blanc all day, nor did we glimpse his snow palace that night.

THE VALE OF CHAMONIX.

An authentic document, signed by Pope Urban II and bearing the seal of Aymon, Count of Geneva, certifies that the valley of Chamonix, which is 3,400 feet above the sea-level, was ceded to the Benedictine monks in 1090. So little was known of this region, however, that in 1741 the explorers Pocock and Windham, of England, came with a well-armed escort, expecting to find a barbarous people. Instead of this, the inhabitants of the valley were peaceful, and proved themselves reliable and valuable allies in exploration. Some years later, through art and science, the painter Bourrit and the geologist De Saussure, of Geneva, created a world-wide interest in the natural wonders of this now famous valley.

We are told Chamonix means "intrenched camp," and the fortifications here, not made with hands, bear the stamp of One all-glorious and divine. Many of the wonders and delights of our drive across the Alps are repeated, multiplied, and magnified in the valley of Chamonix. Laughing cascades and rushing torrents meet in the River Arve, and their songs become a sweet choral. The Arve unites with the Arvieron, and the choral bursts into psalmody. The seven glaciers of Chamonix, marvelous in form and matchless in beauty, link the past to the present and grasp the mysterious future. They seem to be a part of eternity. They are sapphire gateways into aerial regions, never to be unlocked by mortal man, nor may he enrich himself with their unnumbered ornaments of pearls, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds flashing in the sunlight.

Mountains are always alluring; the Alleghany and Blue Ridge with sunny smile; the Rocky Mountains despite a warning frown; the Atlas Mountains laved by the billows of the sea; old Vesuvius, hiding his scarred brow in shimmering cloud; the Appenines with olive groves, and the Alps, crowned with celestial cities. And in Chamonix Valley, mountains gracious, formidable and ferocious, enticing, entrancing, and enrapturing, form a cyclorama bewildering, bewitching, and indescribable.

Beyond the lovely flower-starred summits are the Aiguilles piercing the clouds with their glittering gray points; while, soaring above all, Mt. Blanc invites, entreats, and commands perilous ascent. It is not strange that De Saussure, the geologist, spent years trying to reach the dome of the granite king's snow-palace, and only desisted to prepare for further attempts; nor that Jacques Balmat, a man of the mountains, undaunted by hardship, suffering, and failure, never desisted until he stood upon its lonely height. A year later he, with seventeen other guides, successfully conducted De Saussure to the summit of Mt. Blanc, and valuable scientific observations were made and recorded there.

Two monuments in Chamonix commemorate the daring achievement of these aspiring men. One records the first ascent of Mt. Blanc, by Jacques Balmat in August 1786; and the sculptured "Scholar and Guide" who "conquered" Mt. Blanc in 1787, are heroic statues of De Saussure and Balmat. This monument was peculiarly interesting to Rev. Dr. K——, because his wife's ancestors were closely related to the



CHILLON CASTLE

"Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow."

—BYRON.

eminent geologist and physician, Horace Benedict de Saussure. Jacques Balmat was rewarded by the King of Sardinia, and "Mt. Blanc" was added to the surname of this dauntless and devoted guide who, besides aiding in scientific exploration, saved several lives at the peril of his own.

The number of adventurous tourists has increased year by year until as many as two hundred in a season now view the prospect from the observatory erected on Mt. Blanc in 1890 by the scientist M. J. Vallot.

The French Alpine Club of Chamonix fosters love and reverence for Nature's stronghold, and has done much to lessen the dangers of climbing inaccessible and dangerous peaks. Neatly framed placards in the hotels request all visitors to contribute to the municipal fund for the improvement of roads and the preservation of the beauties of the valley, and contributions are cheerfully made by the stranger within the gates.

THE MULE-RIDE TO MONTANVERT.

After all I went to Montanvert and saw Mer de Glace. When I waked that morning and caught sight of Mt. Blanc the thought of compromise for the day was onerous, and I sought "La Conducteur" for consultation. A boy was dispatched across the meadows to secure, if possible, a mule and have him saddled for me by the time we reached the peasant's hut, about a mile away. The party was ready to start, but friends came to my rescue. Miss K——, of Virginia, who kindly supplied the black silk waist in Rome that I might be conventionally attired for the audience of the

pope, bought the woolen socks and alpenstock for me as I hurried to my room for hat and cloak. And "St. Sebastian" himself brought out my continental breakfast, which might have been wrapped in an envelope. I started off with "La Conducteur," Misses J——, and Mr. S—— who intended to walk to Montanvert, assuring them I could easily, if necessary, find my way back to the hotel from the peasant's hut. But so elated was I by the sight of Mt. Blanc and the anticipation of Mer de Glace, I am not sure that I should have returned to the village. In fact, I thought one who had walked through seven miles of darkness and blackness in Mammoth Cave might climb mountains indefinitely in this exhilarating atmosphere, inspired by the glories and the grandeur of the Alps. So I crossed the flower-strewn meadows in hopeful anticipation.

The view of "the silent sea of pines" Coleridge delighted in greatly charmed us, and we were enthralled by Mt. Blanc, unrivaled and serene, "in the roar of his mad avalanches." He, too, is "heir of the sunset and herald of morn," and he deigned to cast aside the cloud-curtains that our hearts might be filled with wonder and joy that morning.

Happily my powers of endurance were not tested, and from the old rail-fence around the peasant's hut I mounted the tallest mule I ever saw. He looked like a giraffe, sober-minded and self-possessed, and took his place near the head of the procession without consulting me. Eight of us were mounted, and in single file we ascended the steep, narrow, and often

slippery road, winding back and forth up the terraced mountain-side, the muleteers walking on the outer edge. Our huge saddles had little iron railings, and it would have been impossible to fall off backwards; a comforting reflection, as one falling might knock off the heads of a succession of friends on the winding terraces below. At times Mrs. B——'s frisky little black steed, Lena, kicked at the next mule in the procession, but the guide was watchful and no harm resulted.

Once five or six goats came running wildly down the steep terraces and I rather expected them to jump over our caravan. I remembered how at old Carrollton, in the long ago, the little wagon was often left hanging on the fence when the boy driver jumped out and his goats jumped over; and there was no guessing what these unfettered mountain-goats of the Alps might do in a gleeful moment.

About half-way up to Montanvert we stopped for a few minutes' rest, and I ate my frugal breakfast under the delicious pines. My American husband would have laughed at those two little rolls, buttered and spread with mulberry jam; but they were good and sufficient, and perhaps never again shall such a banquet-hall be mine. The air was redolent with the perfume of the pines, and a great light shone in the vaulted dome. Through grand arches I saw the green valleys, flower-starred heights, gray aiguilles, snow-clad peaks, and ice-pinnacles of the Alps glistening and joyous in the light of a glorious morning.

The zigzag road wound through forests of noble pines and shining larch trees; and ferns, wild strawber-

ries, forget-me-nots, and Alpine roses were scattered along the way. We met groups of tourists coming down the mountains, most of them walking, who looked at us with some curiosity and kindness as well. A large party of boys with their conductor rested by the roadside, and their bouquets of wild flowers showed pleasure in botany, though geology may have prompted their expedition. It was good to look into their bright faces and to wish for the boys' attainment of high ideals. Doctors of the philosophy of life say "nothing human is alien to us," and the realization of this truth comes forcibly in a strange land and among foreign peoples.

We saw men and teams at work on the electric railway, which will be in operation before long, and will shorten the trip to Montanvert. And then tourists to Chamonix may allot one half day to the village, the valley, and the sea of ice, and maybe they'll not see Mt. Blanc at all, for he often hides his face in impenetrable clouds for hours at a time. That will be an easy trip, but not half so interesting as by mule-back up the terraced mountains, through the "silent sea of pines," close under larch trees, and among rocks and ferns, brightened in sunny places with Alpine roses and blue forget-me-nots.

The pedestrians of our party kept pace with us, and sometimes passed us by short cuts across the mountain terraces. Every turn in the winding pathway revealed new beauty and grandeur, and in two and a half short hours we reached Montanvert.

The hotel there is surrounded by giant rocks, and

it overlooks the fathomless gorge cut by Mer de Glace, the most celebrated glacier of the Alps. Nearby mountains, bright with verdure, and those farther off covered with snow, gleamed in the sunlight, while yonder sparkled cascades from azure heights.

THE WALK FROM MONTANVERT TO MER DE GLACE.

In the midst of this romantic scenery we soberly pulled woolen socks over our shoes, and, aided by alpenstocks and guides, rapidly descended a rocky path and climbed down slippery and steep places until we stood by the celebrated Mer de Glace, a veritable sea of ice. At the foot of the precipitous embankment two of our ladies seated themselves on a towering rock and remained there in safety. It was my intention only to step out on the edge of the glacier; but with the kindly assistance of our obliging conductor and Mr. S—— I went half across it. Then, at my request, they went on to join the friends ahead of us, thoughtfully and kindly spreading a coat to make a comfortable resting-place for me. I was not cold sitting there because the glacier throws back the heat of the rays of the summer sun, warming the atmosphere. Nor was I afraid to be left alone, as the friends and guides would be in sight even though they crossed the turbulent-looking sea of ice.

And again, unexpected good fortune was mine, for a splendid St. Bernard dog had followed us from the hotel, and there he was lying at my back unobtrusively, but as surely guarding me as ever human friend watched over another. Nobody sent him or knew he

had followed us on the glacier; but with instinct akin to reason and faithful to his mission in life, he had come to aid, if need be, the lonely traveler. We, St. Bernard and I, were very near the beaten pathway, and a party of English people crossing over stopped to admire him and to congratulate me, for they thought the splendid dog was my pet. It was good to hear the mother-tongue in which cordial greetings were exchanged, and to be invited by them to stop in Liverpool before sailing homeward.

You must understand this "crossing over" the glacier means climbing over great boulders of ice covered with snow, and up and down and around slippery places; and although little steps are cut along in the ice, utmost caution in the use of the alpenstock, with its metal tip, is necessary in this strange journeying across the frozen sea. The guides wear spike-nailed shoes, and, of course, tourists usually follow beaten paths, only the most venturesome risking places known to be dangerous. There are tremendous crevasses into which an unwary or even the most cautious man may fall, never to regain earthly foothold, possibly to be found a half century later in the sepulcher of ice.

The glacier is a river, or sea of ice, filling the space between two mountains, beginning at their summit, and moving stealthily and steadily, though imperceptibly, down towards the valley. There is a constant melting in its abyssmal depths; but the winter adds more ice than is melted by the summer solstice, and this glacier may see the end of the world.

This wonderful and mysterious Mer de Glace was

a revelation. I seemed never to have heard of a glacier before, and I despair of giving you the faintest idea of how this one looks. In fact I suspect it never looks the same to any two people; and perhaps one alone and at rest gains a view of the mighty monster never to be obtained when precautions for safety in climbing across it are of prime importance. To me it was terrific and appalling in its awful grandeur and sublimity. It looked like a great torrential sea frozen at the instant its tumultuous waves threatened the destruction of the valley below. It seemed to represent the immutable laws of God and His eternal justice. I wondered if in all these years of God's love and mercy I had failed to consider His just and mighty wrath. The great glacier was silent and cold, yet its message thundered in my ears.

With its huge and irregular blocks of snow-covered ice, the glacier close at hand spells isolation, desolation, destruction, and annihilation. Pearly raindrops, crystal snowflakes, shining ice-floes had become bowlders, pyramids, and hills of ice, now welded together by freezing blasts from the caverns of the storm-king. This terrible sea of ice is far more desolate-looking than the top of Pike's Peak; for among the millions of stones up there, tender, blue-eyed, forget-me-nots are found, while no living thing could exist here in caves of ice and on fathomless snowdrifts.

In this place of sublimest desolation the St. Bernard, my sympathetic friend and protector, never stirred from my side, and I was not in the slightest danger. But the ethereal splendor of my celestial cities

was not here, and my sapphire gateways had been destroyed. Nature, in implacable mood, had overthrown the domes and towers, the turrets and minarets of alabaster, and had scattered them among the ruins along this disastrous highway. Here was anarchy ending in chaos. The Chinese conception of Hades might have originated here. Nature, pitiless and unrelenting, seemed symbolic of law untouched by love. It was typical of life unredeemed, and without the hope of a Messiah to come.

Yet the sun was shining above us, blue skies encompassed the earth, and the sea of ice had its metes and bounds. The promises of God are immutable as His laws, and to His believing children the Messiah had already come.

A guide conducted me safely back to the towering rocks, and assisted me up the steep and slippery path to the hotel. The faithful St. Bernard dog followed a part of the way, and then mysteriously disappeared, possibly going to comfort another stranger in a strange land. We had mounted our mules and were starting down the terraced mountain-side when a man was brought up in a chair-litter borne by four men and accompanied by several others. This unusual sight frightened "Signora B——'s" mule, but two men jerked him forward as he threatened to back off the edge of the precipice. We leaned heavily against the saddle railings and came down the steep grades of the zigzag path without accident and in comparative comfort. We reached the Hotel Victoria about 3 o'clock as hungry as those Germans looked when they ran past

our carriages at Trient. We were tired in the flesh, and may have been subdued in spirit as by a service in the sanctuary. To some of us the Mer de Glace was a vast and solemn cathedral, and the Spirit of the Most High dwelt there.

FROM MT. BLANC TO JUNGFRAU.

July 24, 1908.

We had a perfect day for our journey from Chamonix to Geneva. The atmosphere was crisp that morning, and the valley of Chamonix never was lovelier nor more enchanting. Again the cloud-curtains were parted, and Mt. Blanc filled the valley with his presence and set us to singing anthems of praise. The village and the valley almost adored him, and the hills and mountains lifted up their heads as he magnified the beauties and wonders of earth and the skies above.

We left Chamonix soon after our breakfast of coffee, rolls, and honey, and reached Geneva in time for luncheon. And there I discovered why the passing-of-the-cheese is a solemn ceremony. Each one is afraid of getting too little of the good, and too much of the bad cheese; for there are numerous varieties. The trip to Geneva was made in the electric cars, and we crossed wide chasms, went over and around mountains, catching glimpses of the cloud-piercing aiguilles and the shining peaks of crystal. We descended into valleys and looked across sweet meadows, in which the peasants raked up new-mown hay, and into little villages of rural Switzerland. The cottages were clustered together and the air of friendliness was abroad.

GENEVA, A CHARMING CITY.

We found Geneva, the beautiful city on Lake Geneva, a place of many attractions. The Rhone River and Lake Geneva unite here, and the bridges in triangles and quadrangles are unique, and popular places for evening promenades. In fact, at all hours of the day people congregate on the bridges to feed the swans and watch them in their graceful maneuvers on the lake. We are told Geneva is more than 1,000 feet above sea-level and has nearly 120,000 inhabitants. There are many large and handsome hotels, residences, and business houses, from seven to ten stories high, and the broad avenues are shaded with sycamore trees. The shops are filled with fine clocks, watches, and music-boxes, many of which are quaint in design and exquisite in workmanship. We heard nothing was cheap in Geneva, but a tiny watch in a ball of crystal for less than ten dollars seemed very reasonable; while a lovely little clock, suitable for a desk, priced at forty dollars, was not at all cheap. The daintiest vegetables I ever saw were here in the confectionery stores; for the little baskets of tiny potatoes, carrots, and beets were in reality delicious candies.

We went to several drug-stores for quinine, but found neither pills nor capsules of the bitter stuff. We had to content ourselves with two-grain quinine lozenges, about the size of a dime and shaped like a doll's sailor hat. These fetching lozenges were thirty cents a dozen; so even the semblance of headgear is dear over here. The chaperon again bought toilet soap, and rejoiced aloud in her possession. We exchanged salu-

tations with an old fruit-seller on the street, and paid three cents each for apricots and twice as much for peaches. The old woman's face was wrinkled and sad, but her black dress was brightened with a wide yellow belt, and the black handkerchief on her head was embroidered in red and yellow flowers.

Passing another fruitstand, the chaperon bought three peaches and put into the paper bag with them the three she already possessed. The old fruit-man promptly charged her for the six peaches, and in the confusion of the moment she laid down the package of soap and left it there.

In our drive through the city the old Armory, the Russian Church, handsome new theater, Conservatory of Music and Art, schools, and other public buildings of note were pointed out. The Canton of Geneva now devotes one-third of its budget to public educational institutions, and doubtless this was brought to pass through the initiative and referendum.

We went into the cathedral in which John Calvin preached, and stood under the high pulpit of ancient days. As Calvin wrote and preached, he not only built up the Presbyterian Church, but developed public instruction and elaborated the civil and sumptuary laws for Geneva. Calvin came to Geneva in 1536, and died here in 1564; and he is revered as patriot, statesman, and religious teacher. Already plans are made to celebrate here the four hundredth anniversary of his birth, July 10, 1909.

In the Cathedral of St. Pierre the fine marble statue of Duke Henri de Rohan recalled the time

when this then imperial city became a place of refuge for persecuted Protestants. The Gothic Chapel of the Maccabees, adorned with fine stained-glass windows, contains interesting relics of the past of great value to that ancient and honorable body. An honored citizen of Geneva to-day is Henri Dunant, the founder of the International Red Cross Society, which has mitigated the horrors of battlefields the world over. Through Dunant's influence the Swiss Federal Council called an international conference in Geneva, and on August 8, 1864, representatives of twelve governments adopted articles of agreement "for the amelioration of conditions of the wounded in armies in the field."

After dinner we crossed the lake and strolled through a pretty park ornamented with groups of statuary representing historical events. In the twilight the chimneys of the houses looked odd enough, with slanting stove-pipes protruding; it was easy to imagine they were the crooked legs of crooked men caught fast while trying to capture the city by seizing its very hearthstones.

In the early morning I counted from my window fourteen beautiful swans gracefully riding the vivid blue waters of Lake Geneva. Geneva, the fair city, was flooded with rosy light, and across the Rhone, beyond the silent pines, many mountains clad in "tenderest purple of distance" looked up as Mt. Blanc caught the rising sunlight upon his glistening dome. Sweet place of refuge for the oppressed, birthplace of philosophers, and forever exalted by the life of the patriot Bonnivard, we would delight to linger in Geneva.

From here Mt. Blanc challenged de Saussure, and he went forth to scale the granite walls and enter the monarch's palace of eternal snow. Rousseau, the philosopher, was born in Geneva, but at last his attacks upon Christianity closed her gates upon him. Near here is the beautiful place where Voltaire once dwelt, and on the island stood the Episcopal Castle seized and occupied by the Count of Savoy. Not far off in the lovely gardens of a pretty chateau is the last resting-place of the brilliant Madame de Staël, who was buried beside the grave of her illustrious father, M. Necker, chancellor of the exchequer under Louis XVI.

A young lady in the hotel—an American, of course—advised us to buy a conversation book and learn more French phrases. 'T was good advice, to be sure; but who could settle down to dull lessons in such surroundings, and with Lac Lehman at her feet? I did n't tell her that several of our party already possessed conversation books, and what progress had been made in French by the lawyer.

At 8.30 on Friday morning we sailed from Geneva for Montreux to music by the band on the steamer. The harbor of Lake Geneva was enlivened by many little boats, and a few larger ones were decorated with the flags of Switzerland and France. Geneva boasts of her supply of purest water, and the ceaseless play of the remarkable fountain in the lake is the continuation of merriment begun by cascades on distant mountain heights. The picturesque lighthouse may sometimes look out upon troubled waters, but we had smooth sailing as the incomparable landscape unfolded

before us. We had the enrapturing Alps on one side, and on the other the beautiful plain of Geneva. We passed a succession of villages and touched at Nyan, Vevey, Clarens, and other places to leave or take on tourists. After our lunch, brought from Geneva and supplemented by a caterer on the boat, was eaten with relish and enjoyment, the artistic lunch-basket was presented to the Old Lady with a speech, and she seemed much gratified. She afterwards told us about the effort made to lose the basket, which, she thought, might prove a burdensome souvenir. She dropped it on the floor and went to the other end of the boat for a change of scene. When she came back somebody had picked up the basket, but only to lay it in the chair she had vacated.

"People are occasionally too honest," she said.

At one place hundreds of sea-gulls poised in the air, circled around our boat, and skimmed the blue waters as they picked up the crumbs scattered from the lunch-tables.

THE CASTLE OF SORROW.

At Montreux we left the boat and took the electric railway, and for a little while skirted the lake on the hills above it. From here we saw the *Castle of Chillon*, immortalized in poetry and history, and hallowed by the sufferings and martyrdom of reformers and prisoners of State. The old dungeons and the beam, black with age, on which the condemned were executed may be seen to-day. And here are the pillars to which Bonivard, the patriot, was cruelly chained; and his foot-

prints, worn in the stone floor, inspired Byron as he wrote:

“Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar; for 't was trod
 Until his very steps have left trace,
 Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard. May none those marks efface;
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.”

In Geneva we saw a monument to Bonnivard, whose courage and virtues made him “worthy of the best age of ancient freedom.” The castle is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve, at one extremity of Lake Geneva. A stream from a hill behind the castle pours its torrent against the walls as it empties into the lake several hundred feet deep. Not far from the castle is a very small island, said to be the only one in Lake Geneva proper.

IN THE FORESTS OF SWITZERLAND.

Soon we had left the tranquil Lake Geneva with its old Castle of Sorrow, and were almost lost in the dark, extensive forests. Centuries ago Switzerland began to protect her woodlands, and the far-reaching and beneficent results of this wise policy, still continued, are apparent to-day. Now Switzerland forbids the transmission of electricity to foreign countries, except upon a permit granted by the federal council, that her natural water-power may be wisely conserved.

In our refreshing ride through the forests we passed very near secluded homes of the peasantry, for

the modern railway has encroached upon the privacy of the simple life. The cozy chalets, with roofs weighted with rocks, many small windows in the gable-end, with one pane of glass open, gave a hint of wintry winds in the Alps.

On this bright day doors stood ajar, and once we were near enough to get a hasty glimpse of family-life in these altitudes. The young mother bent over the wooden cradle to comfort the little child whose slumber was disturbed by the passing train. The door of the little milk-dairy in the yard was wide open and we saw its shelves stocked with rich yellow cheeses; every one of the right sort, we fancied. In Switzerland special cheeses are made for celebrations of Church and State, weddings, funerals, first-borns, and perhaps for generations to come.

In many places what seemed to be vines were really trees trained to cover the sides of the dwelling-houses. Only a few goats and cows were visible, but under every cottage a comfortable barn awaited the return of the flocks and herds from the high pasturage of the summer season.

FROM FORESTS TO LAKES.

At Spiez we left our train for the steamer to Inter-laken, and walked down to the lake-shore, half a mile away, sending the twenty-six suit-cases by the trolley car. We passed through an old-fashioned garden with tangled vines, charming shrubbery, and masses of blooming plants. Bright hollyhocks, brilliant zinnias, and flaming poppies held forth in sunny places, while bluebells and purple pansies rested in the shade.

Our sail on Lake Thun was another unimproved opportunity to study the conversation book, for we were fascinated by nature's volume of ancient lore. The lake was shut in from the world, and the mountains closed after us, though now and then we were welcomed to a village on the water's edge. Just before the sun disappeared behind the mountains the small spot of gold on the water became a ladder of fire, and then, the clouds catching the glory of sunset, our lake became an opalescent sea. Nearby mountains glowed softly, and in the distance Jungfrau, the virgin queen of the mountains, seemed more of heaven than of earth.

Twilight had fallen when we steamed into the canal which connects Lake Thun and Lake Brienze, between which Interlaken stands, and scarcely a sound was heard except from the rooks roosting in the trees along the banks. But the lonesomeness of the canal, with the scolding of the rooks, only heightened vivid memories of the miracle of sunset in an opalescent sea and the transfiguration of Jungfrau, the virgin queen of the Alps.

July 25th.

THE VILLAGE BETWEEN LAKES.

It was nine o'clock when we arrived at Interlaken last evening, and this famous summer resort between Lake Thun and Lake Brienze seemed in a merry mood. People were congregated in the stores and hotels, and music was heard on every side. Singers in picturesque costume, accompanied by good performers on stringed

instruments, made the night melodious. Switzerland jumped from tallow-candles and flickering pine-cones to electroliers, and Interlaken and other villages are ablaze with electricity as the hum of business and pleasure is heard far in the night.

Our restful-looking hotel is surrounded with trees and pretty gardens; its handsome hall and stairway are decorated with many palms. Dainty little ferns in jars of white basket-china graced the dinner-table last evening; the yellow draperies and large mirrors between the windows adding to the handsome appearance of the dining-room.

The parlor is handsomely furnished in old mahogany and with rose-colored draperies and velvet carpet. The chandelier is a pretty representation of a branch of mistletoe, the clusters of berries beaming with light; and on each side of the large mantle-mirror rosy light falls from bunches of artistic azaleas. A few choice pieces of bric-a-brac complete this charming room.

Best of all, we found letters awaiting us here, and we soon retired to our rooms to re-read the news from home. In my room pale yellow flowers on the white walls, the cream-colored curtains, and the velvet rug of richer hue, scattered over with delicate foliage, suggest springtime with golden sunshine and gay daffodils. The upstairs hall is decorated with pictures of pretty women in native costume, representing Fribourg, Berne, Zurich, Lucerne, Valais, Tessin, and the other cantons of Switzerland. The distinctive features of the costumes is seen in the cut and color of the long

apron, and the style and shape of the head-dress, which ranges from the big round band-box effect to the lace butterfly ready to soar. The most unique costume is that of the hardy women of Champery who find a jacket and trousers necessary as they follow the herds and flocks over rugged and jagged pasturage.

This morning our breakfast was served in an open pavilion at one end of the hotel, three sides of it being partially enclosed with vines and blooming plants. On one side a rocky stream separated us from the mountain cliffs; and in front trees, flowers, and charming walks were inviting. Tall palms and fine Rubra begonias formed effective background for the gayer parterres. As the Misses J—— and I breakfasted together under the shadow of mountain-cliffs, a little sparrow hopped around our table and found crumbs to his liking. Thus our sojourn at Interlaken was begun close to nature and her little ones. Beyond the mountains of bright verdure, distant ones are snow-clad, and Jungfrau's crystal diadem sparkles in the light and splendor of the morning.

EXCURSION TO MURREN.

Immediately after breakfast we started on an excursion to the village of Murren, one of the finest points in the Bernese Oberland from which to view the snow-crowned Jungfrau and her lofty attendants. We went by the mountain railway through the valley of Lauterbrunnen, with its clear springs, and celebrated for its Staubbach Falls, more than 1,000 feet high. Then for two miles we ascended by the funicular rail-

way, which seemed more dangerous than our old inclined railway up to Lookout Mountain, in Tennessee.

All the way up the mountain-slopes were covered with wild flowers; and there were unknown beauties among the bluebells, red clovers, white and yellow daisies, gentian, cyclamen, and the Alpine roses. We saw no Edelweiss, which grows above the timber line and near the eternal snowfields.

In the car we were seated near an old Englishman who kindly pointed out unsurpassed views of the mountains and the valleys, and said he hoped we might see the unrivaled floral display of Mt. Pilatus. In conversation with his companion he remarked, "That man with the suit of canvas and uncomfortable-looking boots on was rather decent;" and as he evidently thought as well of us, we wondered how he might describe us a little later.

We reached Murren at noonday, and Jungfrau, the Mönch, and the Eiger Mönch were awe-inspiring in grace, grimness, and grandeur. These were robed in white, except the Black Eiger, of lesser proportion, who was nearer and protected the domain of his superiors. At one time Jungfrau, the virgin queen of the Alps, enveloped her face in a veil of mist, and her admirers were baffled.

Our luncheon, brought from Interlaken and supplemented at Murren, was served on a high balcony opposite the illustrious mountain peaks; and, but for appetites worthy of the bracing atmosphere, we might have feasted eyes only. With due ceremony the lunch-

basket was presented to Mrs. C——, who packed it full of souvenirs that call for careful handling.

The comely peasant girl who waited on our table wore a black skirt with bodice over the white muslin waist, and a long apron of red silk fastened with ribbon bows. Her filagree-silver ornaments for the bodice, with silver chains dangling from the shoulders, completed the picturesque costume of the peasant girl of the Bernese Alps; they are valued heirlooms in her family.

The little village Murren consists of a few hotels for the accommodation of tourists, and little shops full of curios, carvings, edelweiss flowers, postcards, pictures, and superior soaps. Again the chaperon purchased soap, and we congratulated her. The saleswoman charged her a franc (twenty cents) for Pear's soap, "because it came from England and had a tariff;" and for Swiss soap she asked a franc "because it is better than the English make," she said. Handsome pink and purple columbine and gorgeous pansies flourished in the gardens on this lofty eminence.

Here and there a small group of children marked a lacemaker's stand, and from spools of thread little girls were industriously making edges and insertions for sale. In the shops hand-carvings in wood and ivory were charmingly characteristic of the country and the people, and we bought our share of wild goats, fleet-footed chamois, and odd little gnomes with beard almost to their feet.

However, the most artistic and realistic wood and ivory carvings are in the shops at Interlaken, which we

have visited several times. For centuries wood-carving has been a source of revenue for the rural population of Switzerland, and in 1825 it became an organized industry under the leadership of Christian Fischer. The people in the Bernese Oberland excel in this minor art, but skill with the pen-knife is pretty general in Switzerland. And here in Interlaken the beautiful flowers of ivory and wood are carved and colored so well it is difficult to believe they are not real blossoms.

In one shop we saw a splendid St. Bernard dog, his leather collar, with the chain attached, and a rope tied to that; all carved from one block of wood and so perfectly colored that passers-by thought him alive and on duty. In the same shop the wooden busts of an old man and his wife were said to be fine likenesses of an aged couple well known in Interlaken.

Picture-frames, clocks, music-boxes, chairs, tables, toys, and all sorts of things were carved in all sorts of ways. A little doll, half an inch tall, with jointed arms and legs, was enticing, but she did not appear to be a relation of old Mary Ann Fisher, whose articulated wooden family I have sought in vain so far.

A few unnecessary articles of clothing have been thrown aside, that a chamois, a mule, except for his trappings, totally unlike my giraffe of Chamonix, a midget milkmaid, a cuckoo clock, and several other bits of carving might be added to the Swiss settlement in my suit-case. Of the exquisitely embroidered handkerchiefs, waists, and robes we (chiefly the Bride-to-be) bought not a few.

As usual in the tourist season, the brilliantly-lighted

and well-filled shops attracted a procession of people who good-naturedly jostled one another at times. The Old Lady said she saw the devil in petticoats here one evening, and that he, or rather she, spoke English when inviting a young man who happened to be near us looking in the windows, to a den of infamy in Interlaken. The evil one was repulsed; but is it not time for Catholics and Protestants of all Christendom to work together to protect their young people from shameless men and women seeking them and all whom they may devour?

SUNDAY, July 26, 1908.

Sunday in Interlaken has been the refreshing day of rest needed after steady sightseeing. After breakfast on the terrace several of our party met in the writing-room, and the flight of time was marked by the scratch of pens. All unmindful were we of sparrows, palms, lakes, glaciers, mountains, and the ocean while we dwelt in old, familiar scenes. As we scribbled and talked, by turns, a small boy, not of America, tipped into the room, whispered to the little dog in his arms, laid the glossy pet at his feet, and wrote a letter in perfect silence. "Hereafter we will remember the etiquette of the writing-room," said the Old Lady for us all. Of all the Americans in the hotel, none are more charming than the dozen vivacious Southern girls, who probably tax the patience of their agreeable chaperon now and then. They say two or three of their number can faint on the slightest provocation, and that no day lacks its excitement.

Our Sunday afternoon rest was broken up by a

large company of young people of Interlaken assembled in a hall near the hotel for the weekly singing-school. Their voices were musical, and the yodle-song of the Tyrolese Alps was exhilarating. In fancy we caught sight of sleek herds hastening down mountain-side to the clarion call of joyous and simple-hearted youth of Switzerland. The solitudes and sublimities of nature draw men closer to one another, and I should like to have attended service in the ancient Roman Catholic monastery of Interlaken, which is also a place of worship for Scotch Presbyterians and French and English Protestants, for Americans are welcomed there.

LUCERNE AND MT. PILATUS.

July 28, 1908.

We left Interlaken Monday morning and came to Lucerne by the lake and mountain route, and again we reveled in fine views of the varied and fascinating scenery of Switzerland. The lovely lacelike Geisbach Falls takes thirteen leaps in the headlong race to the sea, and the mountain profiles silhouetted against the blue sky are of manifold charm. All roads in Switzerland lead through mountains whose beauty fadeth not away.

From the village Brienze, in which Christian Fischer organized the wood-carving industry and established a school for teaching it, we went by train up very steep grades and through the Brunig Pass, where we looked down upon the lake of emerald reflecting the mountains below us; then to blue mountains beyond, purple ones above us, and glittering white

crag far off. In a lonely spot we passed a shrine with the crucifix, and not far from there men and women climbed through a terraced cemetery to a chapel on the mountain-side.

In Lucerne we were cordially welcomed by St. Sebastian's party, who had preceded us, and the next morning we breakfasted together before they left for Germany. Miss R——, Miss K——, and I thought the monumental stove of white porcelain with shining pipe curved, twisted, and contorted, might be a memorial to Adam and Eve who ate imprudently, and we indulged sparingly.

Our American hats are beginning to look travel-worn, and new ones have been purchased here by one of the ladies and two gentlemen of our party; though neither of them selected the round band-box or the butterfly style of Switzerland. My hat with elongated brim has given me some discomfort in the high-back seats of the railway trains; but it is not wearing out. Durable as it is, and despite the milliner's prophecy, it will hardly bear the scrutiny of royalty.

European monarchs take summer outings like the American democracy, and they little dream what they miss by being "out of town" when America comes over.

In Lucerne rough and rugged old Switzerland is all smiles. We no longer see his furrowed brow, nor the scars of time in his face. Hoary age has retired, arrayed in ermine, and youth reigns in joyous beauty. Formidable mountains are all around us, but distant

enough to be enchanting and entrancing, making Lucerne restful to all who seek her. The Lake of Lucerne is the magician of the morning, and he multiplies the glories of the night. Whether sitting on the green slopes beside it or sailing on its glowing waters, the vision of a beautiful dream unfolds into charming reality.

This lake of the four forest cantons of Switzerland revels in rare environment. Loveliness and sublimity are mirrored by it at every turn, and historical associations hang around it. Pilatus from many peaks seems to say: "Behold, how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Long ago his clustered peaks shadowed forth Swiss independence won by unity of strength and brotherhood in heroic struggle. The men of the four forest cantons were brave and daring, and they had a large share in the victory of Sempach in 1386. And on a precipitous cliff of rock rising from Lake Lucerne the William Tell Chapel commemorates victory over Austrian tyrants, whether or not the tradition of the daring escape from Gessler be true.

Righi, some miles from Lucerne and the solitary sentinel of the Alps, stands aloof from his fellows; not as tall as many of them, but claiming pre-eminence for his superb views of the lakes, valleys, and innumerable mountains of this fairest region of Switzerland. The railroad which leads to the summit of Righi was the first of its kind built in this country; it is similar to the cog-road which goes up to Pike's Peak in Colorado.

The Lake of Lucerne, 1,437 feet above sea-level,

covers portions of four valleys, and scientists read records of several geological periods in the formation of the mountains, sharp-pointed, cone-shaped, round-topped, and pyramidal, which surround it.

In her twenty-two cantons Switzerland has many climates, and there are regions of olives, grapes, oaks, beeches, pines, and firs up to high mountain pastures, where the rhododendron flourishes near snowfields. Walnut groves and cereals abound around Lucerne, and condensed milk, butter, and cheese are manufactured here for export.

The town is picturesque with its old covered bridges, one of them zigzagging across the lake by way of the ancient octagonal tower, called Wasserthurm, is said to have been a lighthouse. This Old Bridge is decorated with paintings representing historical events in Switzerland, and of necessity men of every degree learned lessons of patriotism in the olden time. Even now this rambling old wooden structure, of four centuries ago, is more to be desired on a hot day than Lucerne's up-to-date stone bridges glaring in the sunlight.

The people here speak German, and more rarely English; and what we do not understand we try to guess. Though we neither understood nor guessed what a salesman meant when he said the picture on a postcard of three men standing together, bearing shields and a cross, "are like in America." Afterwards we saw a large picture of three heroes, with other men grouped around them, and learned it represented the Confederation of Swiss Cantons.

The stores here are filled to overflowing with furs, embroideries, and a great variety of things admired by women. None were more attractive than the tiniest and daintiest carvings in ivory; and the Old Lady, being of domestic turn of mind, was most tempted by chickens, dogs, and furniture; the right size, but entirely too fine for my little milkmaid from Interlaken who travels in my purse. The dolls in the shops wore Swiss costumes, but were inane Americans.

The libraries of Lucerne contain a complete collection of historical documents of Switzerland from the Middle Ages, upon which much time and energy might be spent profitably by students of the history of the world.

THE LION OF LUCERNE.

Lucerne's greatest work of art is not in a museum of treasures, nor a gallery of paintings and sculpture by the old masters; but it is out of doors, chiseled in the side of a great rock, and people come from the ends of the earth to see the Lion of Lucerne, by Thorwalsden. Doubtless, for many people association adds to the grandeur of this work of genius, but not one can look upon it unmoved. We could scarcely look at it, and yet could not turn away. The noble beast is mortally wounded; but in the agony of death he tries to protect the shield with the lilies of France, upon which he is dying.

A fine conception of Thorwalsden is this colossal monument erected by the French Government to commemorate the heroism and devotion of the Swiss

Guards who fell at the Tuilleries in 1792, defending King Louis XVI of France. The emotions are deeply stirred, and a more splendid presentation of dignity in defeat and devotion in death I have not seen in art.

IMPERISHABLE RECORDS.

A visit to the Glacial Garden of Lucerne seemed to promise snow-banks, grottoes of ice, and cold drinks for the summer season ; but it proved to be a geological garden, paleozoic and prehistoric. The imprint of plant-life, the footprints of glaciers, and the records of deep waters are seen here in tablets of stone. These bowlders, rounded and polished by the passage of a glacier, rocks encrusted with tiny shells, stones with intaglio of fern and palm-leaf, tell of various periods in the formation of the world. The hieroglyphics penciled by nature have been deciphered by man, and from the records preserved by the rocks of the Alps, Agassiz gave the world his glacial theories.

The beauty and strength of Switzerland are immortal. The one exists, not in her celestial cities, with sapphire gateways and dazzling domes ; but in her spirit of brotherhood : the other lives, not in her "everlasting hills," which have charmed, silenced, and enthralled us ; but in her men of courage and devotion, who have inspired generations of patriots.

GERMANY

HEIDELBERG — BINGEN AND OTHER CITIES ON THE
RHINE — COLOGNE, THE CATHEDRAL CITY.

OUR GLIMPSE OF GERMANY.

July 29, 1908.

"EMPIRES had fallen, the Greek beautified the earth with magic art, the Roman founded his colossal and iron despotism," while the German was still content to reign over beasts of the forest, study nature, and hear her voice in the whispering of the trees. Yet Hume, the historian, says, "If our part of the world maintain sentiments of liberty, honor, equity, and valor superior to the rest of mankind, it owes these advantages to the seeds implanted by those generous barbarians."

Through English ancestry we have shared this fair heritage and recognize our indebtedness to these liberty-loving people. Nevertheless, American feathers were ruffled as we entered Germany, for at Basle we had our first unpleasantness with the customs officials of Europe.

The casual inspection of our twenty-six suit-cases was about over when an official drew forth a little package of Roman sashes from the shallow depths of Miss J——'s belongings. With a frown of disapproval he weighed the three sashes and demanded duty

on them (forty cents, or one hundred and sixty pfennigs in German money); for no silk may enter this country free of duty. The most sanguine American tourist nor the veriest Micawber of Europe could hope to establish a rival industry with three silk sashes; and though not fluent in German, we were slightly indignant in English. Some one told us the duty collected on the three sashes could be recovered if the transaction were reported to higher authorities; but our time was more valuable than a double-handful of German pfennigs, and we tarried not at Basle.

At stations along the journey Germans spoke gruffly to one another, although they smiled at times. We passed through broad, well-tilled fields and large manufacturing districts, and saw many evidences of agricultural and industrial prosperity which, by way of contrast, brought to mind Jean Paul Richter's declaration, "Providence has given to the French the empire of the land, to the English that of the sea, to the Germans that of—the air." Or was that merely Jean Paul's prophecy of perfect aviation for Germany, which may yet come through Count Zeppelin's patience, persistence, and perseverance? Possibly, but so far the birdman of the world is Mr. Wilbur Wright of our own land and sky, and we'll try to hold him up to that distinction.

HEIDELBERG, ON THE RIVER NECKAR.

Twilight had fallen when we arrived at Heidelberg, and in the drive up the long, steep road to the Hotel Bellevue we saw a somber city straggling to

the top of the hill. Students from Heidelberg University were already gathering in the Stadt-garten, a beer garden much frequented by them; and we heard snatches of lively songs. Later in the evening perhaps they clashed their glasses and drank to their sweet-hearts, or united in singing their consecration hymn:

“Fatherland! thou land of story,
To the altars of thy glory
Consecrate us, sword in hand.”

The students of the university are patriotic, ever brave in the defense of Germany, and this hymn is sung with great fervor and clashing of beer-glasses.

It was good to reach our hotel, a splendid mansion of old; and the dining-room, with lofty ceiling and panels finely carved and inlaid with richly-colored woods, was built for royal feasts.

My room was an inviting resting-place; the hand-embroidered counterpane, handsome oval mirrors, and an elegant writing-desk giving it a touch of luxuriousness. The stove of pale green tilings might have been a doll-house eight stories high, and the slender hexagonal table seemed appropriate for tea should the Lilliputians come forth to discuss the “woman question,” which agitates all Germany at present. The demand for woman’s rights was made in Germany about seventy-five years ago, “when machinery made her labors in the household almost superfluous.” The cultured women became interested in the almost helpless condition of those of the middle classes and lent their aid.



ONE OF THE MANY TOWERS OF HEIDELBERG CASTLE

In 1865, under the leadership of Frau Luise Otto, of Leipzig, the General Association of Women asked for the women of Germany educational facilities equal to those provided for men: the right to work, and the choice of professions. This association of influential women has worked wisely and unceasingly, and it is confidently expected that the universities of Germany will soon be opened to women.* The Lilliputians did not come forth to discuss the situation, and in the "wee sma' hours" I looked down from my window upon the drowsy city, across fruitful valleys, and into dark forests of solitude hanging upon mountain-crags beyond the Neckar. The chimes of Heidelberg rang sweetly with the passing of the night, and the flame-blossoms of pomegranate trees on our terraces seemed to flicker in the starlight.

In the gray dawn of the next morning we saw an old woman deliver milk from a clumsy cart drawn by a cow—the use of these as beasts of burden in Germany is not to the credit of the empire.

The women of Germany are industrious, even those of noble birth looking well to the ways of their households. The practical housewife in the country is said to rise at daylight to see the stock fed, the butter made, and the milk sent off to market. Then, before break-

* In London we learned from the newspapers (and what a comfort it was to be able to read with ease the daily news once more) that this "Woman Question" was being happily settled by degrees, for on August 15th all the Universities of Germany were opened to women who have passed the regular entrance examinations.

fast is served elsewhere, she rides in her pony carriage to inspect the other farms, to poke into every corner, lift the lids off the sauce-pans, and count the new-laid eggs. No matter how many cheeses may be already in store, the required number must be added each noon. The linen-chest, filled to overflowing by deft young fingers before the bridal day, is steadily replenished, and her supplies never become scant. She is acquainted with surgery, keeps balsams on hand for wounds, and looks after the brewing of mead and beer for festival occasions. In secret she prepares for Christmas stores of good things to eat, and dainty presents for her own family, and those of the bookkeepers, secretaries, and servants of the various farms. And no heart is so full of delight as hers when troops of children—the larger ones leading little ones by the hand and carrying the babies in their arms—march around the Christmas tree singing sweet carols.

This busy housewife never tires of playing with the little children at her feet, and to please them she has devised many of the wonderful toys of Germany. The bracing climate of Germany must go far towards creating and preserving these industrious dames, who live and work as systematically as the planets move in their courses. What they did before machinery made their labors "almost superfluous in the household," I shall not undertake to say.

Nor does the busy housewife forget the poor and needy. One of Germany's beautiful legends is of St. Elizabeth, who dispensed alms despite the protest and without the knowledge of her husband, the landgrave.

One day as she gave loaves of bread to the beggars at the castle-gate, he returned unexpectedly, and with severity asked what she carried in her apron. She replied, "Roses." "Let me see," he said. And lo! by a miracle the loaves had been turned into roses.

It is all truth to say that the love, industry, and chastity of motherhood in Germany has been transmuted into flowers and fruits of genius to charm and nourish humanity through centuries to come.

HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

Immediately after breakfast we drove to the Castle of Heidelberg, one of the most famous and interesting castles of the world. This vast structure was begun about the end of the thirteenth century by Elector Rupert, and its collection of palaces around the courtyard mark historic events. Otto Henry's building is said to have been the "finest example of Renaissance architecture" in Germany. The palace erected for Elizabeth, daughter of James I, is also of great interest and beauty. Frederick's palace seems to be in a better state of preservation than the others, and in its group of imposing statues of crusaders and palatine electors, Charlemagne occupies the place of honor. We went into the banquet hall, the chapel, and the vaulted chamber of the Great Tun, which was built in 1751 and is large enough to contain more than two hundred thousand bottles of wine. This gigantic wine-tun and the fireplace in the kitchen for roasting an ox indicate feasting and revelry of vast proportion and unsafe duration. We imagine the sweet sound of minstrelsy in

Castle Hall became less melodious as flagons of wine were freely quaffed by the gay company.

This grand castle, with "buttress, bastions, and high-soaring towers," has the emblems of chivalry and heraldic arms of German potentates sculptured on its walls; the pillars of the fountain in the courtyard were brought from Charlemagne's palace at Ingelheim. The statues of stern electors and noble crusaders are solemn and silent, but the court-jester, in effigy, actually makes the wine-cellar of Frederick's palace resound with merriment to-day. He of the blue coat, knee-breeches, and lace ruffles looks bland and simple; but only touch his hand, and from the box he holds, up flies a fox-tail into the unwary tourist's face, while friends and strangers unite in a roar of laughter, and the old court-jester is satisfied.

The grounds once used in falconry were pointed out, and in imagination we saw hooded hawks, with bells on their legs, borne by falconers for a royal company of knights and ladies mounted on white palfreys, eager for this ancient sport, almost universal during the Middle Ages.

The moat, sixty feet deep and half filled with water brought from the mountains; the underground stairways, and the shattered towers tell of intrigue as well as splendor in the days of old when men were bold. This castle was greatly damaged during the Thirty-Years' War, but was restored by Charles Louis. It was dismantled by the French in 1689, and again in 1693, and was almost demolished in 1764, when it was struck by lightning. Yet this vast and

magnificent ruin may be seen from afar, with its many grand towers crowning Castlehill, a spur of the Königsstuhl Mountains. Scenes enacted here in the drama of life by rulers, robbers and revelers, knights and ladies, have added volumes to the stern and romantic history of Germany.

The forest of the old castle garden is interspersed with holly, the holy-cross spruce, and the yew tree, once valued for making bows and arrows. A small primeval forest of yew, now almost extinct in Europe, is one of Germany's valued possessions in the Bavarian highlands.

Just outside of the castle grounds are the inevitable and unavoidable shops filled with curios. The groups of statuettes representing scenes from life in Germany are of peculiar interest; especially the three little women, who are industriously knitting as they stand to gossip in the market-place. The chief diversion of the men of Germany is indicated by the array of pipes, made or molded of amber, porcelain, wood, and what-not; decorated and plain, large and small, short and long, straight and crooked; and there are tobacco pouches braided in silver and gold, with smoking-caps to match.

THE UNIVERSITY OF HEIDELBERG.

From the castle we drove to Heidelberg University, whence scholars, scientists, and statesmen have come to make Germany a world-power among the nations. We viewed this famous and ancient institution with veneration, albeit we were disappointed in the appearance of its local habitation.

The university was founded by the Elector Rupert in 1386, and brilliant, wise, and good men have shed luster upon its honored name. In 1518 Martin Luther preached here the doctrine of justification by faith, and the university was active in the Reformation. It became the stronghold of Protestant learning, and the Heidelberg catechism was the work of theologians within its walls. Of the great Reformer, Richter said, "Luther's prose is a half-battle; few deeds are equal to his words." And did not this statesman, gentle enough to love the birds, and courageous enough to defy the devil, lay sure foundation for the German language, even while her scholars wrote in Latin and her court conversed in French?

The library of the university, founded by Otto Henry, was one of the most valuable in Europe; but in 1622 Bavarian invaders presented the greater part of it to Pope Leo XI. Happily in 1815 many of the rarest works were returned, and the precious volumes are dear to the heart of Heidelberg.

The university prison, with caricatures, comic pictures, and songs scrawled on the walls by imprisoned students, seems to have been a lively habitation for them. We entered this prison through a courtyard in which children played and women and chickens scratched for a living. Accurately speaking, the women were darning and washing clothes, and one was paring potatoes, and it may be they have ministered from time to time to the needs of rollicking student prisoners incarcerated above them.

Across the Neckar River stands the house dedi-

cated to dueling, evidences of which we saw in the ugly scars on the faces of several students. We are told the student duelists wear heavily-padded clothing and are held far enough apart to escape mortal wounds; also that skilled surgeons are always in attendance to dress the saber-cuts, the so-called wounds of honor. We wondered why the Emperor of Germany, a God-fearing man, does not forever prohibit this senseless and wicked travesty of courage.

Ruskin says the women of nations might stop threatened wars by assuming sorrowful countenances and wearing garments of mourning. And I dare say, the women of this nation might soon frown out of existence this barbarity at Heidelberg University which would destroy the beauty of Adonis should one chance to be born in Germany. The professors, students of other nations, and many Germans who come to Heidelberg University disapprove of these duels, and effort is being made to abolish the custom. The life of students in German universities is without restraint, and only to be desired for men whose habits have been formed, and it is well for American parents to remember this. The students of Heidelberg University are very loyal to their motto:

“Fearless in strife: to the banner still true.”

And fellows from this great university have become men renowned in peace and war; men of thought to make mystery plain; men of heavenly gift in poesy and music; men of daring to break the thralldom of superstition, and men of faith to lift the world nearer the Savior of mankind.

The seat of this renowned university, the prosperous little city of Heidelberg, has had an eventful life. In early times it was a fief of the Bishop of Worms, and in the thirteenth century it was made the capital of the palatinate, remaining such for five hundred years.

In the seventeenth century the city was sacked by Tilly, taken by the Swedes, beleaguered by Bavarians, and twice pillaged by the French. In 1693 the French left only one house in the Markt-platz, which house is now a popular inn with the students.

One of the most interesting of her ancient buildings is Peterskirche, founded in 1392, in which Jerome of Prague expounded the doctrines of the Reformation. Of interest also is the fact that in a church of the fifteenth century the Roman Catholics now worship in its choir, while the Protestants worship in its nave. Another old building worthy of mention in this connection is the old Jesuitenkirche, with its fine decorations. All three of these buildings are of Gothic architecture.

There was not time to visit the shops of Heidelberg, and we failed to learn the scientific processes, salutary or Satanic, of the "milk laboratory" we passed.

A bronze statue of Field Marshal Prince Wrede, erected in 1860, by Louis I, King of Bavaria, is conspicuously placed in the city. Doubtless there are memorials to the Emperor Frederick and Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, who together welded principalities, dukedoms, and little kingdoms into the great German Empire. I was as bitterly disappointed in not seeing

statues of these statesmen in Heidelberg as the chap-eron was on not finding the dazzling white angels over the doors of St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice.

At present we have no expectation of seeing his majesty, Emperor William of Germany and King of Prussia, and we must be content with his portrait on a postcard. He appears to be a fine-looking man, heavily decorated with numerous signs and symbols of royalty and power. The empress on the same postcard is handsomely attired, and wears jewels and emblems of great worth and significance. We understand the crown prince is learning a trade, for these practical Germans believe it not only wise to dignify labor, but that it is as necessary to train the hand as the brain in order to attain proficiency in life.

The German Empire, now nearly forty years old, looks well to the ways of her household and plans for its future enlargement. It is said she will soon adopt Prussia's system of "taxing the bachelors," which means the married men with small incomes are allowed to deduct a certain amount from their taxes for every child in the family. It occurs to us other nations might find it profitable to pay a premium upon large families.

BINGEN, AND OTHER CITIES ON THE RHINE.

July 30, 1908.

From the day of the sweet song of minstrelsy to those of triumphant roar of Wagner's overtures and operas Germany has loved music; and so, to our regret, we reached Bingen just as her festival of music

closed. The large tent-auditorium, gayly decorated with national colors, had not even been removed.

In this realm of old castles, legendary lore, and history, facts and fancies are inextricably woven together, and the line of demarcation is almost obliterated at times. Though in sight of Bingen across the river, on the terraced heights, is the "Watch on the Rhine," a colossal and imposing monument which commemorates Prussia's final victory over the French in 1870, a tremendous fact in the history of Europe.

Our drive through Bingen aroused the good people, who rushed out to look at us. Mothers thrust their little children forward, to see or be seen, and boys ran ahead, shouting to others, who joined them and stared at us. In the more pretentious houses the mirror-reflectors gave occupants of the second story a view of what passed on in the street below; but for once white-capped dames laid aside their knitting and hurried to the windows for a good look. Rev. Dr. B—— said it was our first experience in being "the peep show," but the entertainment was not altogether one-sided. Perhaps so many good-looking Americans were never before seen at one time in this quaint village of steep red roofs, little windows, and snowy lace curtains.

The tiny gardens were brilliant, with red and yellow dahlias and fine pink roses, aptly called "German Beauties" by Mrs. B——, of Atlanta. Judging from the number of garments spread out to dry on the grass near the village stream, we saw the beginning of the semi-annual clothes-washing in Bingen. The

women and children were comfortably and sensibly dressed for their work, and they all seemed in fine humor with the world. Indeed, I have been much impressed with the evidences of thrift and the spirit of cheerfulness which seem to prevail among the tillers of the soil in Europe. With such utilization of land and a like frugality in the home, our small farmers in America might lay up riches for themselves and the good of generations yet unborn.

On the little farms around Bingen preparation was being made for the autumnal seed-sowing, and more than one woman, aided by her domestic ally the cow, plowed the fields. Almost every inch of land is in cultivation, narrow terraces being held in place with stones carried by hand up the hillsides. The potatoes of the Rhineland are fine, with a nutty flavor; the cheese is very good, and the German housewives pride themselves on their rich pastries, fine sweetmeats, and sparkling wines. Of the terraced hills overlooking the Rhine and cultivated to the top, the *concierge* of our hotel said, "There's where the good wine grows." Indeed, these picturesque vineyards are profitable, for the Rhineland produces the finest white wines in the world. The grandeur of our lofty mountains and the sweep of our great rivers can not be surpassed by anything we have seen in Europe; but the scenery of the Rhine is justly famous for beauty, the castle ruins adding a picturesqueness yet unknown in the United States.

Let us hope our country may escape such tragic events as have made the Rhine one of the most inter-

esting rivers in the history of the world. Beginning with the Romans, led by Cæsar, and until modern times, armies of European nations have crossed and recrossed it to wage terrible warfare until the very mountain crags have trembled, and the hills and valleys are "saturated with life of the past."

The Rhine, eight hundred miles long, gets its start in Switzerland, where the streams from more than one hundred glaciers unite to gladden the heart of Germany. Our sail down the river was charming, the old castles recalling historical facts and ancient legends of the celebrated Mouse Tower, the famous fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, Rheinstein, and Ehrenfels, once the residence of the archbishops of Mayence. Stahleck was taken and retaken a number of times during the 'Thirty-Years' War, and at Caub the Prussian army crossed the Rhine in 1814 under the command of Blücher. Passing the cave of the *Lorelei*, we heard the sighing of winds and saw the great stonehill whence mysterious missiles were sent upon luckless men of fabled lands.

The poet tells us

"A maiden of wonderful beauty,
Like a vision enchanting and fair,
There sits in the blaze of her jewels,
And combeth her bright, golden hair;"

but she was not visible that day. Nor did we see the place where the fabled Nibelungen treasures, won by Siegfried from the mythical giants of the Land of Mist, were cast into the Rhine by the cruel Hagen,

who slew him and left the devoted Krimhilde in despair and desolation.

In a day or two we shall be in "brave little Holland;" and what a contrast will that flat country of canals be to Germany, with these terraced vineyards, castle-crowned mountains, and romantic forests overlooking the Rhine.

COBLENTZ, THE CITY OF FORTIFICATIONS.

As we neared Coblenz, the ancient capital of Rhenish Prussia, we looked out for the extensive fortifications which connect the military works on the left bank of the Rhine with the famous fortress Ehrenbreitstein on the other side of the river. This triangular city, situated at the confluence of the Rhine and Moselle Rivers, always a place of military importance, is a great commercial center whence linens, cottons, furniture, tobacco, wines, and mineral waters are exported to Great Britain, Holland, and other countries. At this place the Rhine is spanned by a bridge of boats nearly 500 yards long and an iron bridge built in recent years. The Royal Castle and other handsome buildings front on the Rhine, and of the ancient structures none is more interesting than the Church of St. Castor, built in early Lombard style with four towers.

Before the Christian era a military post, which became the residence of Frankish kings, was established here by the Roman Drusus. In 843 A. D. the three sons of Charlemagne—Lothar, Charles, and Lewis—met here, when they divided the Germanic Empire

into France, Germany, and Italy. Truly, Germany has good reason for pride in Coblentz on the Rhine.

July 31st.

COLOGNE, THE CATHEDRAL CITY.

This is one of Germany's most ancient and interesting cities of fortifications, crooked streets, and narrow pathways, and in German it is Köln. In some streets we walk single file, and then "make ourselves small" when we meet people, preferring this to the way of the two wise goats that met on the edge of the precipice, when one lay down for the other to walk over him. On yesterday one of the ladies in our party was nearly run over by a cyclist who darted from behind a cab as she started across the narrow street. She escaped, and the young man was not injured by his sudden stop which overturned the bicycle; but we will not soon forget the cab-driver's angry warning. Broadly speaking, it seems if you get run over by a vehicle in Germany your only escape from fines and imprisonment for obstructing the highway (not to say narrow-way) is to die on the spot; so the angry cab-driver was in reality a "generous barbarian," and we thanked him.

There are many traces of ancient days in Cologne, for it was on this site the Emperor Claudius founded a Roman colony, 51 A. D., and called it Colonia Agrippina in honor of his wife. Centuries later this chief city of Rhenish Prussia became a fortress of first rank; it is connected with Deutz across the Rhine by a bridge of boats more than a thousand feet long,

though the iron bridge is used for street and railway traffic.

We walked through the market-place, alive with women and children who were disappointed at our failure to buy beets, carrots, and onions. We did indulge in a few flowers and small bottles of cologne water—one of the principal manufactures for which this city is noted. A rose called daisy may smell as sweet; but does "Köln-wasser" seem as fragrant as cologne-water to you? However, I do not vouch for the accuracy of German phrases coined in these crooked streets.

Some dogs earn their bread here, and maybe those that draw the little wagons of shining milk-cans from door to door have special reward from the cheerful women who guide and ofttimes help them carry the load.

One of the most interesting of the ancient dwellings here is the Jabbach House, in which the great painter Peter Paul Rubens was born, June 29, 1577. His parents fled from Antwerp on account of religious troubles, and resided here a number of years. A bust of Rubens is carved in oak over the large double doors of this house, representing him as wearing the large bonnet seen in the portrait of the famous painter.

A tablet records the fact that Marie de Medici, widow of Henry IV and mother of Louis XIII of France, died in this house, July 4, 1642, and was buried before the chapel of the Three Kings in the cathedral. Afterwards her body was removed for

burial in Paris; but, it is said, her heart was left in the Cathedral of Cologne.

In the Wallraf-Richartz Museum we saw the Holy Family and other paintings by Rubens; St. Francis Assisi, by Murillo, and many paintings by old Dutch masters, who bring before us intimate scenes of the home-life of their people. What more charming conception than the Family Concert, in which the little girl beats the drum, one boy plays the flute, and another sings, while the little dog and the pet crow seem to share the fond mother's pride and complete the appreciative audience.

Of the thirty-three churches in Cologne, twenty-nine are Roman Catholic, and many of them contain treasures of great value. St. Peter's is adorned with the famous altar-piece by Rubens representing the Crucifixion of St. Peter. St. Gereons and St. Ursula are the patron saints of Cologne, and each is honored with a monumental church of rare architectural beauty. We visited the Church of St. Ursula, with its golden chamber lined with the skulls of this saint and her eleven thousand nuns who were cruelly slaughtered on a holy pilgrimage. Relics of St. Ursula are kept in a silver casket, and her monument is a recumbent statue of this revered saint. Among other relics in the chamber is a broken jar, said to have been used at Cana when Christ turned water into wine for the marriage feast.

But the chief object of interest in this ancient city is the Cathedral of Cologne, which was six hundred years in building—one of the finest Gothic monuments

in Europe and one of the most imposing structures in the world. We love to linger near, to look again and again at this vast and noble cathedral, with its mighty twin towers, severe and stately, yet soaring towards heaven and lifting men's thoughts to God. Not less impressive than the sublime exterior is its interior, with lofty painted arches, massive pillars, and richly-colored windows. Here are sarcophagi, with recumbent statues of archbishops of Cologne, whose robes, jewels, and chalices are venerated as holy things. The shrine of the Magi is adorned with gold and precious stones, for the bones of the three wise men who carried gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh to the infant Savior are said to rest here.

It is an old legend that the name of the architect of this wonderful cathedral has been forgotten because, although he was able with the aid of a pious monk to wrest the plan from the devil, and then proved himself free from covetousness, anger, and all the seven deadly sins except pride, that one was sufficient to rob him of the great honor of being known to posterity.

As we took our last look at the soaring towers of the cathedral we were reminded of Luther's hymn:

"A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken."

We thought, too, of the motto adopted in recent years by Christian men of Germany, "We can advance only upon our knees;" and we know Germany's greatness is

in something more than the strength of the largest army in the world. Through the invention of her own Gutenberg the zeal and faith of Germany's reformers and religious teachers have been spread abroad, and atheism, infidelity, and superstition shall pass away.

We have not looked into the faces of celebrities in Germany, but have seemed to feel the presence of philosophers, poets, and prose writers, many of whom long since departed. But there is in them, as Carlyle said of Richter, "that which does not die; that beauty and earnestness of soul, that spirit of humanity, of love, and mild wisdom over which the vicissitudes of mode have no sway."

Among the novelists we have recalled Marlitt, Mulbach, and Georg Ebers, the distinguished Egyptologist, whose delightful novels "Uarda," "The Bride of the Nile," and "The Egyptian Princess" give much information about the curious customs of the ancient and wonderful people of the land of the Nile. Of course, we have recalled that coterie of the nineteenth century entertained by the Duke of Weimar, wherein shone Goethe, "Patriarch of German Literature," prime favorite at court, and author of "Faust;" Schiller, the student-author of "The Robbers," whose "William Tell," with its glorious call to brotherhood and reverence for womanhood shall ring throughout the ages; Herder, of whom Richter said, if he were not a poet, he was "something more—a poem;" and Richter, the rugged, impetuous, vehement, and reverent lover of nature and mankind—"Jean Paul, the Only One." And most of all we have thought of Richter, for this

poet of exuberant fancy, this philosopher who laughed in the face of frowning misfortune, this humorist "who bowls with the sun and moon," dwelt in an atmosphere of love. He pitied the man whose mother had not made for him all mothers venerable. He denied himself the evening meal to gain time for writing, but said, "The interruptions by my children I can not deny myself."

And do we not recognize Jean Paul himself in the sympathetic and devoutly-wise Emmanuel of that incomparable book "*Hesperus*," to whom Victor says: "Thou lovest men as children who can not offend; thou lovest earthly enjoyments as fruits which one plucks for refreshment, but without hungering for them; the storms and earthquakes of life pass by thee unheard, because thou liest in a life-dream full of tones, full of songs, full of meadows; and when death awakes thee, thou art still smiling over the bright dream."

We recall very few sallies of wit from the satirical Heinrich Heine, embittered by ill-health and untoward circumstances; but his tender devotion to his mother and wife will never be forgotten. And is there anything more beautiful and pathetic than the lines written from his deathbed to his wife—a prayer-poem ending with these lines:

"My shepherd care,
My herdsman's office now I leave;
Back to Thy hands, O God, I give
My staff; and now I pray Thee guard
This lamb of mine, when 'neath the sword

I lie; and suffer not, I pray,
That thorns should pierce her on the way;
From nettles harsh protect her fleece;
From soiling marshes give release,
And everywhere her feet before
With sweet grass spread the meadows o'er;
And let her sleep from care as blest
As once she slept upon my breast?"

We leave Germany with a new sense of obligation to her sons and daughters who have enriched our life, and who have made her people to be numbered with the great ones of earth. And may her men and women ever be characterized by the fidelity handed down by "the generous barbarians," the honored progenitors of this nation of thinkers and philosophers!

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